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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1934

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Contemplation and Creation

IT is a fundamental tenet of Theosophy, that consciousness is universal and omnipresent. This implies that every entity in the Cosmos is an aggregate of states of consciousness; that the form of consciousness realized by man is one of an infinity of forms evolved in Nature. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial."

The Master, the perfected human being, is said to know the consciousness of other men and even of non-human entities, by an experience as direct and immediate as that which makes the average man aware of his own existence. The average man can surmise only dimly what this cosmic knowledge may be, comparing it to the inner sensation awakened when—as sometimes happens—he thinks of other beings with love and sympathy. Mystics affirm that when such a sensation becomes sufficiently intense, it expands into a definite and active power of inner vision or contemplation.

In the sense here given to the word, contemplation denotes something more than is generally suggested by the term, perception. We contemplate a thing, when we look at it with attention, with interest, with some degree, at least, of ardour. Contemplation is, therefore, most intimately associated with the creative faculties of imagination, desire and will. All life is a kind of spiritual vision, as Plotinus said, and no vision can be called real which does not overflow into action of some order. In the broadest sense, all action whatsoever, good, bad or indifferent, is the product of some kind of contemplation.

The Secret Doctrine refers to the occult tradition that wherever evolution or growth is proceeding in Nature, on any plane, it is propelled from within by a creative energy corresponding to the contemplative power in man.

As soon as Darkness, or rather that which is "Darkness" for ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine Mani-

fested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transcendent (ed. 1893, I, 407).

This passage refers to what may be called the apex of the manifested Cosmos; but, according to Theosophy, the same process is repeated from plane to plane, during the whole descent of spirit into matter and during its subsequent re-ascent. To quote Plotinus again: "Everywhere the footprints of the Universal Soul can be traced in bodies." Thus the evolution of the Cosmos has been compared to the growth of a plant from the seed, for in both instances, an archetypal form is made incarnate. Our own daily experience illustrates clearly enough how the abstract is being perpetually converted into the concrete. Such a transformation occurs whenever our consciousness attaches itself to a mind-image, identifying itself with a form which had been obscured in the darkness of the subconscious, but which we forthwith make a part of our personal life and a basis for action.

As Theosophy teaches, the true and proper object of human contemplation is the "Heavenly Man", the ideal "hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought", but known and embodied by the Master who can make it visible to the disciple. Unfortunately, however, the average man continuously wastes his creative power upon trivial or vicious objects. The forms which he engenders are habitually evanescent, not transcendent. He has not produced a real self reflecting the attributes of the Heavenly Man, but an unreal self, a compound of unregulated passions and mental delusions.

According to Lamarck's celebrated formula, desire precedes function and function precedes organism. The one-pointed desire to realize the form of the Heavenly Man must sooner or later develop an organism which can know and embody it. The process in essence cannot be less normal than the growth of the form of a plant out of the seed. If our contemplation were as pure and as undivided as that of the plant, if we obeyed, with equal simplicity, the dictates of our true nature—the nature which is really human—the path of spiritual evolution would not seem forbidding and arduous. It would appear to us to be that which it is, the natural way for man.

Function and Organism

We can learn much from the humble attainments of plants and animals, recognizing that these are made possible because their instinctive efforts to realize what is true for them are not weighed down by our kind of false self-consciousness. They have troubles of their own, however, which correspond to ours in many curious ways. Defeat is at least as frequent as victory in the annals of organic evolution, and we may profitably consider some of the obvious causes of failure among our lowly brethren.

The first need for a physical organism is to adjust itself adequately to the conditions of its life. This does not mean perfect adaptation to some particular environment, but the ability to exist somehow in as many adverse circumstances as possible. The species which is only conformed to one mode of existence, is

doomed to disappear; first of all, it loses the capacity for further evolution. As has been suggested, there is reason to believe that the biological world, like all other worlds, is a progressive realization of latent form. But there is no evidence that this process is rigidly predetermined or mechanical. The improvisations of life are incalculable. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." When a creature or a species is born, no one can foresee exactly what it will become.

The French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, offers some general reflections upon this subject in a recent essay, "Le Bovarysme de l'Organe et de la Fonction" (*Mercure de France*, November 15, 1933). He suggests that any permanent relation between function and organ is impossible in a world which is constantly changing and becoming. The following is a very free translation:

> The nervous system imposes certain tendencies and desires upon living matter; but it cannot create a perfectly adapted organism in a world that is always changing. Thus an organ, designed to function in a particular environment, becomes inadequate or useless when it is required to function in a different one. Unless the nervous system can modify the organ to meet the new conditions, its power of realizing its tendencies is restricted, although the organ may continue to exist as a fragment of the animal body. The animal may still be able to utilize it, [as a workman can use a poor tool, when no other is available]; or the organ may cease to have any function. Some organs are nothing but relics of an activity which has ceased. . . .
>
> There is the heroic little scarab, for instance. It is deprived of tarsal appendages, but it struggles on, using the stumps which are left to mould the little balls with which it nourishes its larvæ. It imagines itself to be fitted for tasks which the discord between organism and function no longer allows it to accomplish, except at the cost of the most tragic effort. . . . On the other hand, there is the ridiculous stag-beetle. With its head encased in a formidable apparatus, like a samurai marching to battle, it leaps upon the lettuce-leaf that constitutes its food. Have no fear of its curved and toothed scimitar; in truth, it would not harm a fly. It reminds one of Tartarin, dressed for a lion-hunt, drinking beer on the terrace of a café along the Cannebière. . . .
>
> In each of these cases, there is a discord between function and organ, a discord which, in accordance with certain teleological views, ought not to exist. The end actually attained is paradoxical and ironical. It is as if, by virtue of some metaphysical disposition, an accord between function and organ had never been intended. A negative end, some will say. . . . But is it correct to say that an end is negative, when it implies, with the perpetuity of motion, the perpetuity of life?

One may grant that it is not always easy to determine what is the veritable function of some organs, or whether, indeed, they were ever intended for any obvious, practical purpose. If Nature were limited in its designs by any "planned economy", such a thing as a peacock's tail could never come into existence. Who can be sure that the stag-beetle was ever intended to be anything other than what it is,—an actor wearing a mask?

However, these considerations scarcely affect the main point which Gaultier is urging. It is, indeed, useless to regard any objective form as perfect and final. It is worse than useless; it is dangerous and may be fatal. The great peril, which confronts every evolving creature, including man, is premature crystallization of its forces in an organism that becomes either a hindrance or a misfit when conditions change and a different organism is demanded. Obviously

the body changes more slowly than the desires or instincts which act upon it. Moreover, it seems to be a biological law that as the body becomes more rigid in structure, it is progressively more difficult for desire to mould it readily into new shapes. Doubtless, a sufficiently powerful desire could accomplish any transformation; but it would appear that the "creative potency" of an entity diminishes in proportion to the hardening of its form, as if a portion of its vital energy had been captured by its petrified organs.

One ventures to formulate a major principle which the history of organic evolution illustrates on every page: the more plastic the organism, the better are the chances of physical continuity for the species to which the organism belongs. It is significant that this principle is equally applicable in the domain of spiritual evolution. As a text-book of zoology suggests numberless correspondences between animal and human activities, so a genuine mystical treatise, describing the experienced laws of the inner life, incidentally reveals the laws of life in all its phases. It is their misfortune that so very few biologists know anything of the mystical literature of the world, for they would find in it both a confirmation and an explanation of their own observations. We may say, with equal propriety, that there is natural law in the spiritual world, or that there is spiritual law in the natural world.

For example, as a commentary upon the data considered above, there is the injunction in *Light on the Path*, to "kill out the hunger for growth". "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal. But it must be the eternal that draws forth your strength and beauty, not desire of growth. For in the one case you develop in the luxuriance of purity, in the other you harden by the forcible passion for personal stature."

Fixation of form signifies the cessation of evolution, the commencement of corruption and decay. Does not this suggest a reason for the emphasis upon detachment in all genuine devotional treatises? The spirit of man, the life-stream which constitutes his being, must be free to assume new forms, and it is part of our duty to keep each form, as it is created, subtile and fluidic, in order that it may be transmuted with a minimum of friction into the more perfect form which should succeed it. In Christian terms, the attention of the would-be disciple must be fixed upon the things of the Spirit and turned away from "creatures", from the things of this world. The same idea is expressed in other words by the Indian sage, Shankara Acharya, when he defines the first qualification of discipleship as "discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal". A "creature" is not necessarily evil; it may be the momentary embodiment of a spiritual principle. However, if it be conceived as a thing-in-itself, apart from the principle which animates it, it becomes a limitation and a barrier, a thing without significance, which will be ultimately destroyed by the general action of the forces of Nature, if we lack the courage to destroy it ourselves.

Quinton's Theory of Evolution

Gaultier further illustrates his argument by reference to an evolutionary

theory which was developed by the late René Quinton, well-known to many readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY as the author of *Maximes sur la Guerre.*

In terms of this theory, cellular life appeared in the primeval seas when the temperature decreased to the degree required, among other conditions, for the production of the physico-chemical phenomenon that constitutes [organic] life. But this condition was no sooner realized than it passed away, owing to the persistent fall of the temperature. The theory fixed the temperature for the appearance of the cell at about 45 degrees; but when it fell to 42 degrees and much lower subsequently, the conditions of existence ceased to be ideal for the cell. All the phases of evolution are explained by the reactions of the cells which could no longer live separately under favourable conditions, and grouped themselves into associations that later became [multicellular] organisms. In the interior of these organisms, by division of labour and functional differentiation, organs were formed, whose function was to manufacture heat for the other cells included within the periphery of the individual. Thus the thermic deficiency of the environment was overcome by the development of the power to produce heat.

The cold-blooded animals were originally organized in such a way as to assure the functioning of an active cellular life. One condition made this possible; the high temperature of the medium external to the individual. When this condition is removed, the [cold-blooded] organism becomes relatively impotent. The nervous system loses control, recovering it only if propitious environmental conditions return. . . . For example, certain large reptiles, like the boa-constrictor, can still live an almost ideal life in the tropics. But in our climate, the boa would be harmless, incapable even of defending itself; a cow could gore it to death. . . . It is apparent, that if species A has the power of raising its interior temperature 8 degrees, when the external temperature is 37 degrees, it can maintain the "ideal" temperature of 45 degrees within the cells of its organism. For a while, A represents a superior species. But if there be a new drop in the temperature of the external medium, the equilibrium is broken anew. A is no longer superior; it begins to live, according to Quinton's expression, with a retarded life (*d'une vie ralentie*). When a species is equipped with hardened organs, adapted to a fixed temperature, it can change no more. This is the crystallization of species. The new species B,C,D, which respond favourably to the new conditions, are those which can raise their interior temperature still higher. Incidentally, they are descended, not from A, but from a humbler stock, the very stock, indeed, from which A originally developed.

A student of Theosophy might suggest that life would have found a way to organize itself on this planet, whatever the temperature, and this view is supported by recent developments in the study of bacteria and viruses. But this does not discredit Quinton's theory, in so far as it offers a very ingenious explanation of certain established biological facts. Once a definite course of evolution was established, as when the organized cell was formed, life entered into a definite relationship with a concrete physical medium. Henceforth, it had to accept the limitations of the environment which it had chosen, and its success or failure, in physical terms, depended upon its ability to modify its reactions, as its environment changed.

TRANSFORMATION THROUGH HEROISM

Quinton's theory is of special interest, because it seems to have been correlated in his mind with the conception of heroism. The process whereby the great

phyla and classes of animals have succeeded one another, has its correspondence in human nature. In terms of human consciousness, this process becomes the heroic life, represented as a ceaseless transformation and transcendence of self, an unremitting dedication of personal powers to that which is greater than any personality.

It has been said that man is the microcosm of the macrocosm, that he can dispose of all the powers of Nature, if he be willing to pay the price. In the biological world, the species or the "individual" which cannot adjust itself to new conditions, is allowed to disintegrate—slowly or quickly, as the case may be. The life-currents in Nature pass on to the production of other organisms more receptive to their impulsion. But in the human kingdom, there is the possibility that the individual will redeem himself; that by heroic effort he will recover his native force from the "hardened organs" in which it is imprisoned, regaining the full energy of his desire and turning this to the formation of new functions and a new organism. He can re-create himself, as the life in Nature re-creates itself.

This is a logical conclusion to which the theosophical conception of Nature and man leads us. Perhaps, Quinton would not have admitted that his ideal of heroism held such implications. But he understood heroism, as it can only be understood by one who has lived in obedience to its principles. "That which distinguishes the hero", he wrote, "is the love of a cause situated outside himself, the fixity and the energy of that love, the search for the means proper to serve it, their discovery, their conversion into action, however hard and painful they may be." In brief, heroism is true contemplation overflowing into true action. The life in physical Nature has been called a "dreaming contemplation". Most men continue to dream, though their eyes may be open; but the hero is awake. Moreover, his integrity depends upon his inability to rest satisfied with any personal achievement, upon the constancy of his desire to gain an ever deeper realization of the ideal which he serves. It was said of the great soldier, Vauban, that "when a task was finished, his only interest in it was to observe its faults and deficiencies. The only task which attracted him, was the task that was still to be executed."

The Petrifaction of Civilizations

The effects of crystallization may be noted in our personal experience. Our psychic organism may be said to harden whenever we yield to the desire to repeat pleasurable sensations, whenever we centre our feelings in "self", whenever we identify ourselves with the image of the body or the lower mind. We read in *Through the Gates of Gold*, that there is "a law of nature as inexorable as that of gravitation,—a law which forbids a man to stand still. Not twice can the same cup of pleasure be tasted; the second time it must contain either a grain of poison or a drop of the elixir of life."

In the same work there is another passage which bears directly upon our subject. It suggests that the failures of great civilizations are also effects of crystallization, of the fixation of consciousness in static forms.

> Could we go back through history intelligently, no doubt we should find that it [i. e., the question of the purpose of life] came always with the hour when the flower of civilization had blown to its full, and when its petals were but slackly held together. The natural part of man has reached then its utmost height; he has rolled the stone up the Hill of Difficulty only to watch it roll back again when the summit is reached,—as in Egypt, in Rome, in Greece. . . . That is what man has done throughout history, so far as our limited knowledge reaches. There is one summit to which, by immense and united efforts, he attains, where there is a great and brilliant efflorescence of all the intellectual, mental and material part of his nature. The climax of sensuous perception is reached, and then his hold weakens, his power grows less, and he falls back, through despondency and satiety, to barbarism. Why does he not stay on the hilltop he has reached, and look away to the mountains beyond, and resolve to scale those greater heights? Because he is ignorant, and seeing a great glittering in the distance, drops his eyes bewildered and dazzled, and goes back for rest to the shadowy side of his familiar hill (pp. 17-18).

Man has only experienced civilization as a cyclic phenomenon. Like the light of day, it has been recurrent, interrupted by intervals of darkness. The passage just quoted indicates the reason for this. Every civilization represents a great adventure in consciousness, but none has ventured to press the adventure beyond a certain point. A moment has come when it has ceased to be a channel for upbuilding forces, when creation ceases and petrifaction begins. Thereafter, it tends to become increasingly set in its ways. The analogy seems obvious between this loss of plasticity in a civilization, and the process of organic hardening to which Gaultier and Quinton refer. In both instances, there is a failure in co-ordination between function and organism, and this failure is a cause of stagnation and final death.

In terms of consciousness, petrifaction is numbness, insensibility, automatism. When an entity "refuses to create", its senses and organs of action become atrophied,—as we ought to know, since most human personalities are actually in this condition. Thus, the petrifaction of a civilization may be said to proceed *pari passu* with a degradation of consciousness. If it be the function of a civilization to transform an amorphous mass of human entities into a group of real individuals, the quality of its consciousness may be measured at any given time by the value which it sets upon individual character and initiative.

As history shows, when the tide of life is rising in a nation or race, individual genius is stimulated and fostered. Aristocratic standards are dominant in art and morals, in thought and action. Their outward expression may be crude, but it is original and unique. The aristocratic ideal stresses the service of spiritual principles, upholding a code of honour recognized as superior to all considerations of personal comfort and indulgence. This service of truth or beauty or nobility is freely chosen and freely given. Precisely because the individual willingly sacrifices himself, he is able progressively to transcend his limitations, to evolve in consciousness.

There is no reason why he should not transcend his limitations, whatever may be the state of civilization in which he is born. But when a civilization is crystallizing, the individual can expect little stimulus from his general social environ-

ment. The standards which then prevail are the reverse of heroic. To use Ortega's expression, there is a "revolt of the masses" against individual superiority, against self-sacrifice and austerity, against any code which emphasizes duties rather than rights. The rule of the vulgar seeks equality, uniformity in mediocrity, a dead level, where "differences in potential" can have no place. Logically this *democratic* phase of a civilization terminates in communism or national socialism or some corresponding polity, in which the individual is theoretically, if not actually, reduced to a cypher. Outwardly there is often an appearance of intense activity, but it is the activity of disease, of fermentation and decay. Barbarian invasions and mob riots belong to the "night-side" of Nature. They hasten the processes of dissolution.

The Suppression of the Individual

This condition of active decay might be amply illustrated by examples from ancient history. In its last days, the Roman Empire was an almost perfect example of a dead level. The Emperor and his bureaucracy had only one consistent objective,—to placate the mob with bread and circuses, and to that end, they taxed individual industry and thrift out of existence. There is something oddly familiar about the procedure.

However, there is no need to search for instances outside our own century. Even under the worst forms of ecclesiastical tyranny, the individual soul was never crushed beneath a censorship of thought more fanatical than that which prevails to-day in Russia and Germany. It is, indeed, the very worst form of censorship, for it is supported by a regimented public opinion. In theory, the Soviet and the Reich are opposed to each other, but they may be classified as varieties of the same species. Both are suffering, among other things, from the malady which has been pertinently named "collectivitis". Everything individual is ruthlessly sacrificed to the *demos*, the undifferentiated and unevolved mass.

An anonymous article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (January 15, 1934) describes what happens to the intellectual life in Soviet Russia (*Les Intellectuels en U.R.S.S.*).

> Not only do the Bolshevik torment and persecute those savants who are not militant communists or sympathetic towards communism, but they tend to perceive only the immediately practical aspect of the sciences, and to despise the great theoretical discoveries that are so fecund and may lead to the most valuable applications. Worse than that, they push their fanaticism so far as to desire only a science which is strictly Bolshevik. In their eyes, pure science, the disinterested science, which was that of Galileo and Newton, . . . the science which is independent of politics, ought not to exist. "The idea of a science supposed to be absolute, having its own tasks and its own ideology, independent of politics, is rejected for ever", writes Professor Komaroff, one of the most influential Bolshevik Academicians. Pure, disinterested science is only a bourgeois and capitalistic conception; . . . the only true science is that which shows the struggle of classes to be necessary and which praises the social revolution. . . . The Bolsheviki considers literature to be a mechanical profession that can be learned without any general previous training, like that of a shoemaker or a cook. . . . In 1925 they formed the Rapp or Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, among whose by-laws we find

the following: "In a society, literature serves the interests of one or another class. Proletarian literature will be that which directs the proletariat, destined to create communism in the world, towards its predetermined ends." . . . The censorship has put the work of Tchekoff on the Index, because "we find in his writings the words, God, spirit, etc." . . . An author, wishing to present the portrait of a young girl, spoke of the breeze of morning playing with her and scattering over her face her silky hair. The censor comments: "Such a metaphor is not that of a proletarian poet: it is much too sentimental and represents Nature in a superficial fashion." An author in Soviet Russia, faithful to the method of "socialistic realism", ought to be inspired only by "the sound of machines and tractors plowing the fields, by the sky-piercing whistles of the sirens of proletarian factories operating at full blast". The poet ought to have imitated his frankly proletarian colleague who wrote: "Tears flow slowly from her eyes, like tractors". . . . In the theatres of Moscow, Shakespeare is played, but his work is falsified and unrecognizable; Romeo and Juliet perish as a consequence of class-warfare and not of their passion; Othello reflects the struggle of "rapacious colonizers for the Turkish market", and the hero himself is only an instrument in the hands of British capitalists. . . .

This may sound amusing, but much of the comedy would evaporate if one were living under this régime in Russia. It is a commentary upon the intelligence of many of our own professors and intellectuals, that they speak of existence in the land of the Soviets as an interesting experiment, a beautiful dream. Professor Rexford C. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and "chief planner" of the Roosevelt brain trust, is responsible for the statement that "with equal levels of living, the greater economic democracy and equality of the Russian system will make a tremendous appeal to the masses of intelligent men" (*New York Times*, February 16, 1934).

The "totalitarian state" of the Nazis is a variation upon the same general theme of petrified consciousness. We quote from an article in the *New York Times*, January 28, 1934, on "Gleichschaltung", the word "which expresses the co-ordination of the New Germany, [and] defines the ideal of the Nazi State". It shows once more that there is no self-satisfaction quite as fatuous and as odious as German self-satisfaction.

If . . . one interprets "Gleichschaltung" as the application, mentally and morally as well as physically, of the principle of the goose-step, one gets a fair interpretation of what the word means to the Germans. . . . The bulk of the Germans appear to have accepted, or at any rate not to have resisted, the Nazi doctrine that the members of a self-respecting and properly unified nation should all feel, think and act in the same way. . . . The Nazis sought not only to concentrate the political power and administrative authority in Berlin, but also to eradicate or silence all opposition and dissent, and to reshape the cultural and intellectual life of the entire nation. Virtually every German activity was to be purged of all foreign taint and to be re-Germanized and Nazified —even the arts and sciences, which are usually conceived as being, by their natures, free from nationalistic limitations. . . . A purely national literature or theatre might be conceivable, but how could nationalism invade the pure sciences? How could there be, for example, a German and Aryan mathematics? . . . A group of mathematicians who met recently at the University of Berlin, indicated how the cultural "unification" might embrace even that most abstract of sciences—mathematics. They held that in mathematical research German intuition, which was responsible for the concept of infinity, was superior to the logic associated with the French and Italians; that mathe-

matics was a heroic science in that it had reduced chaos to order, which was precisely the mission of national socialism; that German mathematics would remain that of the "Faustian man" and thus show its "spiritual connection" with new Germany. So even mathematics gives the Nazi salute and shouts, "Heil Hitler!" . . . Now the Germans, so long disunited, exult in an excess of unity—in a kind of unity that threatens to destroy variety and individuality altogether, a unity which Dr. Goebbels would like to develop, "to the point where the whole nation will think in unison and there will be only one public opinion".

The Opportunity of the Individual

Unfortunately, the symptoms of national sclerosis are not limited to Russia and Germany. It is not wise to laugh at the possibility of wide infection. However, we need not ask, much less try to answer, the question whether the whole of the Occident is in the last phase of a major cycle. Whatever may happen, our essential duties and opportunities as individuals are the same. If we be determined, we can overcome the most adverse external circumstances. The principles, the archetypal forms, from which all civilizations have drawn their life, are eternally present in the heavens, for any man to contemplate and to love.

True contemplation, which in its active, dynamic aspect is heroism, may preserve the West from another dark age. In any event, it will bring to life a new civilization, which in its own time will come to flower. By means of heroic contemplation the precious essence of Egypt reincarnated in Greece, and the productions of the Greek genius were transmitted by Rome; and Mediæval Europe, in turn, preserved for us the garnered wisdom of the ancient world. Each of these civilizations—the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mediæval —added something enduring and vital to the heritage received from its predecessors. Each was born before its immediate predecessor had completely disintegrated.

Here is a task, sufficient to awaken anyone's enthusiasm,—to begin the building of civilization anew. The work will have need of "divine architects", of "God-instructed men"; but there must be a real demand for them, before we have any right to expect them to come. As Abel Bonnard has said: "To look forward passively to the coming of a great man, as those who buy a lottery-ticket dream of the winning number, is one way of showing that one is not a man oneself. *It is not a question of looking forward to a great man, but of preparing the way for his coming.*"

FRAGMENTS

MAN, verily, is made of dust, but of two kinds of dust. One is dust of the earth, to which happily, all that is earthly in him will return; the other is star-dust, the sparks of an immortal, solar fire. To this, also, he shall return; and, according to the mystic promise, if he rightly find his way, shall shine among those stars for ever and ever.

In the life of discipleship there is nothing small nor insignificant. All that arrives comes from the hand of a divine Provider, and has, therefore, meaning upon meaning, and lesson within lesson. The weather, the temper and atmosphere of those about us, the disappointment, the unexpected pleasure, the duties and occupations, agreeable or disagreeable, with which each day is filled,—all invite a reaction in the various strata of consciousness, where a limitless field of opportunity is offered.

What is it we can hope of life save opportunity, we who are journeying from earth to heaven,—opportunity to shake off the dust of earth, and to consolidate this dust of heaven?

Yet, with strange perversity, we cling to the dust of earth where our weary feet are passing, fearful of losing its accustomed touch, indifferent to its soil, content with its spiritless monotony.

Awake, O thou enmeshed in clay, awake to thy true heritage! Across the waters of space are voices sounding, voices of the Great Deliverers. Answer them with the stirrings of thy heart,—thou canst not let them call to thee in vain.

From the dust in which thou liest, wake to the radiance of a higher life; and, as the Morning Stars sing in thy ears, arise to take thy place beside them. Then shalt thou see the meaning in that earthly dust, its message and its purpose, the opportunity each speck of it presented; precious as fine gold shalt thou behold it with transfigured vision, as it falls from thee for ever,—thou, clad in the garment of thy star-dust, to work, clear-eyed, amongst the dust of men.

CAVÉ.

COLLEGIATE EDUCATION AND STANDARDS OF VALUE

MOST students go to college, not to learn particular facts, or to get specific training, or to master any special subject, but because they believe that a college education is the best preparation for life. They may, and in most cases probably do, have very erroneous ideas of what constitutes preparation for life, and so of what education ought to be. One of the functions of the college should be to correct these notions. Obviously the first requisite for this is that the college itself have a clear conception of the nature and purpose of life, of what success in it consists, and, thus, of what preparation for it requires. Ruskin describes education as "the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them". An illuminating definition is that quoted in Worcester's dictionary: "The education of a people is measured by its ideals and principles." It would follow from this that the excellence of an education may be judged by its success in inculcating high ideals and sound principles.

An even more fundamental statement is made by Professor Thompson in the introduction to his *Middle Ages:* "The primary business of study and teaching is not to acquire or to impart information, but to discover and reveal values." Imparting information and many other factors, such as training in accurate thinking, in concentration, the cultivation of taste, physical development, etc., are by no means to be neglected, but the primary purpose of education as contrasted with technical training, ought always to be to reveal values. The most important element in a student's preparation for life is a true understanding of relative values. What a man values most highly—what he really values in his heart, not what he may profess to value,—determines what he will seek from life, how hard he will be willing to work for it, and what sacrifices he will make to gain it. Life is a succession of compulsory choices, constantly forcing each man to decide which of two things he most values, and which of the two, accordingly, he will sacrifice for the other. His standard of value determines his action in small things and in great. His manners, for example, will depend upon whether he ranks courtesy and consideration for others above or below his own comfort and self-indulgence. If he place money above all else, he will sooner or later break his word for what seems an immediate advantage. If he rate adherence to his code as a gentleman above any material gain whatever, he will refuse a fortune for a fine point of honour. A man's conduct is only his standard of values in action. What he does is determined by, and reveals to himself and to others, what his standard really is, irrespective of what he may say or even think it to be. It is upon it that his happiness or unhappiness in life depends, for it not only determines his action but also the value which he ascribes to whatever life may bring to him.

A true sense of the relative values in life is not a thing to be gained once and for all, at any time or place. All of life is training in comparative values, training the power of choice within us that we may learn, in time, to reject the false and choose the true, the "better" rather than the "dearer", the spiritual instead of the material. All of man's experience, every fact that he learns and every event that he lives through, ought to aid in clarifying his standard of values. Every year that he lives, it ought to become deeper, richer and truer. The colleges have their students, who "come as boys and leave as men" during four of the most critically formative years of their lives. It would seem to the layman that there is no more important question that a college can ask itself than what effect it ought to have upon the ideals and principles, the standards of value, of its students, and what effect it actually does have.

In view of its importance, it is extraordinary how little thought seems to have been given to this question by those responsible for modern collegiate education. The head of the Department of Philosophy of a well-known Eastern college was recently asked what effect four years at his college had on a student's standards of value. It was evidently a new question to him and he had to think before answering. Then he replied that he supposed that the students got their standards from their class-mates. That, in the majority of cases, is probably just what happens, the college itself being incomprehensibly passive in the matter. College spokesmen in general tend to dismiss this whole subject somewhat impatiently, with the statement that such things as principles, standards and religion should be learned "in the home", that convenient but much overworked scapegoat of the modern educator. It is quite true that they should be learned in the home, and in the preparatory school, and in business, and every day that a man lives. They should also be learned in college. If his college education is to mean anything at all to him, the student's ideas on these matters can hardly fail to be affected by the facts which he learns and the new outlook which he gains there. What relation does he come to believe himself to bear to the universe, and what kind of universe does he consider it to be? Ordered and planned by divine intelligence for wise and compassionate ends, or unmoral, accidental, chaotic? Do his instructors in Evolution, in Biology, Psychology, Physics, Philosophy, History, tell him he is an immortal soul, destined to evolve through the ages to heights of radiant splendour, or do they represent him as a bit of primordial slime, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms", endowed by some accident with consciousness and intelligence for a few score years before passing to final oblivion? His finest instincts, aspirations, nobility and honour, may be pictured to him as the very essence of his being, in themselves a proof of his divine origin, and carrying with them corresponding responsibility for their right use; or they may be represented as mockeries, perhaps as rudimentary and distorted survivals of the instinct of self-preservation or of the sex-instinct. The great moral principles may be regarded as part of the eternal verities, the laws governing the growth and self-expression of the soul; or they may be seen as harmful "repressions", the survival of the "sex taboos" of primitive peoples. All of these subjects are dealt with in his college courses; and the student's views of life,

of his own nature and that of the universe, and of the relation between them, are and ought to be, profoundly influenced by the facts and theories studied, and the manner of their presentation. One can hardly expect a man who regards himself as a bit of accidentally evolved protoplasm, to have the standards of value appropriate to an immortal soul; and, as we have said, it is a man's standard of relative values that determines his conduct, his success or failure, his happiness or unhappiness in life.

An answer frequently made to criticism of the colleges for their lack of a consistent philosophy, and for their consequent failure to give adequate guidance on these points, is that each man must work such things out for himself; that the faith which one gets from another is of no value; and that one of the main objects of college education is to teach the student to think for himself. There is much truth in this. By all means teach the student to think for himself if it can be done. Very few people ever do learn to think for themselves; otherwise amusements, business, politics and pretty much everything else in the world, including college education, might be very different. While that may be no reason for not making the attempt, it is a reason for taking the probability of failure into account. It is also true that each man must work out his problems in life for himself, just as he must work out his problems in calculus for himself. That fact, however, is not regarded as adequate justification for leaving him without competent guidance in his mathematics. The true explanation of the difference in treatment is that the college authorities themselves are agreed upon the principles of mathematics, but do not agree upon the principles of life. The points upon which the student of eighteen or twenty is supposed to think for himself and to come to wise decisions, are exactly those upon which the college faculty as a unit is unwilling or unable to think for itself, or to come to any decision at all, wise or unwise.

When one stops to think of it, it is a most extraordinary thing that, with few exceptions, our great educational institutions, whose function it is to prepare their students for life, have themselves no philosophy of life, no consistent conception of its nature or purpose, and stand for no ideals or principles sufficiently definite to give adherence to them any significance. There are exceptions. Roman Catholic universities stand for Roman Catholicism. West Point and Annapolis stand for the ideal of discipline and the code of an officer and a gentleman. These ideals are held by the entire teaching staff, and a definite, conscious effort is made to inculcate them. As a result, it means something to be a West Point graduate. Princeton stands for the honour system. Doubtless there are others, but how many? By "ideals and principles" we do not mean catch-words like "*mens sana in corpore sano*", or "the search for truth", or "the development of the highest type of American manhood", or the many similar vague generalities in which college spokesmen indulge, and to which everyone, of any shade of belief and opinion, can agree. We mean some principle not yet universally accepted, but sufficiently definite to make a stand for it of some importance. Not long ago, the President of one of the oldest universities in the country said in an address, that it is to the universities that we must turn for dynamic idealism

based on clarity of moral outlook. When asked what the moral outlook of his university was, or for what ideals or principles it stood, he replied that "universities, being composed of individuals, cannot, and do not, commit themselves to specific moral dogmas in controversial areas". As it is only in "controversial areas" that a stand for a principle has any significance, this speaks for itself. The lack of guiding principles was frankly confessed by the head of another well-known Eastern college in an address at the University Club in New York a few years ago: "We do not know what we are doing. We do not even know what we are trying to do."

Although the colleges themselves have no philosophy of life, there are, in all colleges, individual professors who seek to influence their students in certain definite directions, some wisely and some unwisely. There are men of high ideals whose influence is a lasting inspiration to all fortunate enough to come under their guidance. There are also others whose influence is quite the reverse. There are, in most colleges, men with deep religious feeling and noble standards; and men with neither, who mock at both. Which one the individual student contacts is usually a matter of luck. If his name begins with A, he sits under one, if with M, he gets the other. There seems to be no way of finding out what a student is being taught in the name and under the authority of our great institutions of learning, except to interview his instructors, one by one, and to find out for oneself what their individual views and crotchets may be. These views are frequently contradictory, and what one man teaches, his neighbour across the hall denies. In conversation recently with a responsible official of one of the oldest of our colleges, the writer expressed the opinion that modern psychology, as usually taught, was pure poison. Rather to his surprise, the official agreed entirely, but added that those students who had a good background of home training, usually got over the effects in a few years. What happened to those lacking that training, he did not say. Much the same opinion of the harmful effects of psychology was expressed in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1931, where the author quotes "one of the most broad-minded and level-headed and successful college deans" as saying that "the great moral problem of his university to-day is its Department of Psychology". In neither case was there any suggestion that anything was going to be done about it.

From the welter of conflicting views to which he is introduced at college, the average student can hardly fail to conclude that anything approaching certainty on vital matters is impossible, and that what one believes, if anything, is a matter of personal predilection. Every man, to be a man, ought to have certain principles on which he bases his life, and for which, if need be, he is willing to die. One does not die for predilections, nor are they much to be relied upon in times of temptation. In addition to this unconscious undermining of what should be the foundations of the boy's moral code, there are, in most colleges, one or more professors who deliberately try to break down whatever ideals or faith their students may have. Their purpose, they say, is to "make the boy think", to "show him that he has merely accepted the ideas of others and to force him to work out his own". It is not difficult for the experienced, older debater to demolish a boy's ideas—

no matter how true those ideas may be—particularly if the boy be unused to philosophical discussion. It is easy to demolish, but not so easy to build up again, especially when, as is the case nine times out of ten, the destroyer has nothing constructive of his own to offer. The student is often permanently the poorer for the loss of what his intuition told him was true. Many students speak bitterly of this phase of their college course. One of the ways in which it shows itself later is in diminished loyalty to their college, for men give loyalty to what enriches, not to what impoverishes their life.

If the student only knew it, his intuition is, in its own field, a far safer guide than his mind, unpopular as that doctrine is to-day. All belief is based on some assumptions which, like the axioms of Euclid, are not capable of proof, but which appear self-evident to the age, or to the man, that adopts them. A few centuries ago, beliefs were based on the authority, not of experience but of the Church Fathers, of Aristotle, or some other ancient sage. To-day the assumptions are different but are assumptions none the less. In spite of the defence of intuition by Eddington and others, a usual assumption among college teachers is the supremacy of the human reason. In their turn disregarding experience, which ought to be the only authority, these teachers take the mind as the sole arbiter in fields where it does not belong, and where the consequences of so doing are often most unfortunate. This is particularly true in the sphere of morals. Moral principles are not, and ought not to be, the product of reason. They should be an instinct, the result of the soul's experience through the ages. The man whose conduct, whose honesty, for example, depends upon his reason, is not fit for a position of trust. The moral sense is different from, and, in its own realm, superior to the reason. When unperverted, it might be called the memory of the soul. Or perhaps we might describe it as the instinct of self-preservation of the soul, for the moral laws are among the laws that govern the soul's growth, which themselves are as fixed and inexorable as the laws governing the growth of a plant or a tree. They are inherent in the nature of things, and could, no doubt, be justified by the reason, if the reason had the necessary data to go upon. As it is, their justification rests upon experience, and all experience shows that to violate them atrophies the soul. These laws constitute the true scientific basis of ethics. They are also the basis of the rules of honour, which are of the very essence of the soul. "Women and children first" in shipwreck, cannot easily be defended logically, yet the world is right in having little use for the man who does not act upon it. When the existence of the soul is denied and the moral sense is ignored, there is no sound basis for conduct. The effort to found action on the reason, too often results in displacing righteousness as a motive, by a base and ignoble expediency.

It may be objected that the religious side of life is carefully provided for by the colleges through their Chaplains and, in many cases, through weekly, or even daily, compulsory Chapel services. One is not, however, much impressed by the faith of a man who merely renders lip-service to it in Church services, while rigorously excluding it from week-day activities. The religion that does not underlie one's entire outlook on life, and hence affect all one's ideas and actions,

is not worthy of the name. That is as true in the case of an institution as of an individual. The students must feel it, and if many tend to reject the religion offered, and to regard the Chapel merely as a concession to immaturity, who can blame them? The presence of a Chaplain, most of whose time is usually spent in trying to counteract the adverse influence of the Philosophy and Psychology Departments, does not "provide for the religious side of life". Nor is much conviction carried by the Baccalaureate sermon of the President, in which he calls after the departing coat-tails of the graduating class, that religion is the most important thing in life.

The foundation of all religion is the belief that life and the universe are spiritual, purposeful and guided by higher intelligence, by whatever name that higher intelligence may be called. This is the exact opposite of the so-called scientific approach to life, not because science as such denies that life is spiritual, but because, for reasons of its own, it chooses to ignore that fact as "outside of its field", and to seek only materialistic explanations of all phenomena. Until very recently, no scientist in his scientific capacity—whatever his personal beliefs might be—would even suggest in explanation of any phenomena, an hypothesis that involved the operation of a will or intelligence higher than man. To do so would have been a violation of scientific convention, justifying the prompt exclusion of the offender from serious consideration in scientific circles. It does not matter how simple the spiritual or how improbable the material explanation may be, if a material cause is conceivable at all, that is the cause to assign. As we shall see, even odds of one hundred thousand to one against the material are no deterrent, if the alternative be the suggestion that higher intelligence may have been involved. Science is not interested in philosophical truth. It limits itself to the study of what can be weighed and measured—Eddington's world of "pointer-readings"—to the next steps in its chains of causation, and to certain limited inferences to be drawn therefrom. All values are frankly excluded from its field. This fact alone ought sharply to differentiate between the viewpoint adopted by science, and that appropriate to educational institutions whose primary purpose ought to be to discover and reveal values.

Yet the prestige of physical science is so great, due to its amazing discoveries and the control which they have given man over certain natural forces, that the colleges have imitated the methods, and adopted blindly the assumptions and the self-imposed limitations of the "scientific" approach to life. This is the most subtly subversive fact in modern collegiate education. While it is true that there is no conflict between true science, and religion rightly understood, there is a sharp conflict between the religious view of life, which insists upon purpose, guidance and love back of all things, and the so-called scientific view, which refuses to consider the possibility of any but materialistic causes. Scientists constantly reiterate that they do not deny the spiritual; they merely ignore it. If science chooses to omit all significance, intelligence, will, and purpose, from its view of the universe, that may, perhaps, be regarded as its affair. It becomes, however, a matter of great public concern when educational institutions blindly follow that example. Everyone must choose between the two

points of view in regard to life. If there be purpose and guidance back of the universe, that is obviously the most important fact in life. To ignore it is, in many cases, equivalent to denying it, for to most people it is inconceivable that one who really believes it, should ignore it. If, for example, a youth studies evolution for years under the most famous evolutionists, and hears no mention of the soul, nor of the Divine Purpose—which many of us believe to be the cause and the means of evolution—is he not justified in assuming that it is because his instructors are convinced, for what doubtless seem to them to be good and sufficient reasons, that the soul does not exist, or is not a factor in evolution? Is he, or is the public at large, likely to grasp the fact that the omission is based on no reason at all, except a general, if tacit, agreement among scientists to exclude spiritual causation as being "outside the field of science"?

It would seem to the layman that, when a question arises "within the field of science", seekers for truth should search for the explanation that best fits the facts, irrespective of the field of thought to which that search might lead them, rather than limit consideration to those solutions, however improbable, that can be cramped within the wholly artificial restrictions of the "scientific field". The fact that that field is the only one in which they can use their special methods of investigation or proof, is no reason for assuming that the answer is to be found there. One is reminded of the old story of the man searching the gutters of Times Square for his lost pocketbook. "Did you drop it here?" asked a sympathetic friend. "Oh, no", said the man, "I lost it in Central Park, but the light is so much better here."

At present the physical sciences are all taught at our universities on the assumption that there is no intelligent guidance back of natural law (though that is contrary to the personal beliefs of many scientists); and the same assumption, often unconscious and hence the more misleading, underlies much of the teaching in other branches. A habit of mind is thus set up in the student, and all his thinking is unconsciously warped, to his great detriment. The public is also widely deceived; as we have said, it does not understand how anyone can ignore that which, if true, must be the most important fact in life; it also hears all spiritual hypotheses authoritatively described as "unscientific", and this to most people has come to mean unsound. The public believes, not unnaturally, that the general adoption by science of materialistic hypotheses is due to preponderance of evidence in favour of the material as against the spiritual, and does not realize that they are based solely on assumptions, adopted by science for its convenience. It is not too much to say that the result amounts to a gigantic fraud on the religious faith of the public, a fraud for which the attitude of the great educational institutions and their neutrality between the true and the untrue, is directly responsible.

Nor are the scientists themselves as immune from the unconscious warping of their thought as they would have us believe. Long years of deliberately excluding from the mind any thought of intelligence and guidance as affecting the physical phenomena of the universe, has led them to treat this absence of guidance as if it were a proven fact, pertaining to the phenomena, instead of merely

an assumption, pertaining to their thought. Important conclusions, both "scientific" and "philosophical", are unconsciously based upon it—conclusions which fall to the ground if the assumption be challenged or changed. Students and the unscientific public, still under the influence of the superstition that "science deals only with exact knowledge and never guesses", are seriously misled in consequence.

An illustration of this attitude of unconscious denial is contained in Sir James Jeans's most interesting book, *The Mysterious Universe*. He speaks of the manner in which the earth was formed by the attraction of a star that, "wandering blindly through space, happened" to pass so close to the sun as to draw out by gravitation, spurts of matter that became the planets. Sir Arthur Eddington uses the same words, "blindly wandering", to describe the same thing. There is so much space, and the stars are, in consequence, so far apart, that both Eddington and Jeans believe such "accidents" to be extremely rare. Eddington says that even if the odds are one hundred million to one against it, out of ten billion stars some are destined to play the part of "one". Among the few "ones", the earth is included. Jeans contrasts his theory with Laplace's, under which every star might have planets, and "the universe might well swarm with life". He speaks of all sorts of accidents being bound to happen in millions and millions of years, but concludes that the odds, which he suggests may be one hundred thousand to one, are so greatly against the particular "accident" needed to produce planets, that there must be relatively few stars with planets in the universe. He adds: "This rarity of planetary systems is important because, so far as we can see, life of the kind we know on earth could only originate on planets like the earth"; and he concludes that, in view of the vast extent of the universe and the very small percentage of it adapted to life as we know it, "it seems incredible that the universe can have been designed primarily to produce life like our own".[1]

This is obviously an important philosophical conclusion, with far-reaching implications. If accepted, it can hardly fail to affect one's theological views. It has been so accepted by the unscientific public, and by the newspapers. One sees editorials dealing with "the modern view of the paucity of life throughout space, and the need to abandon our old idea of life like ours being the purpose of the universe".

The habit in all scientific discussion, of disregarding the possibility of intelligent design back of natural law is so firmly ingrained that it would be interesting to know whether anyone, scientist or layman, has pointed out that this widely accepted conclusion is based solely on the *assumption* that the phenomena were unguided, an assumption that Jeans himself—who is really "on the side of the angels"—has already gone a long way toward overthrowing. Probably he has not yet had time to adjust all his ideas to the implications of his own splendid conclusion that the universe is more like a great thought than anything else.[2]

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[1] *The Mysterious Universe*, page 6.

[2] Students of Theosophy may be interested to note that W. Q. Judge said in the *Path* in 1892: "The universe is thought and is dominated by thought."

Of course, neither Jeans nor anyone else would claim to have the slightest evidence to warrant the statement that the stars are, or were, "blindly wandering" through space. "Blindly" is used without any justification, and yet upon the strength of his own arbitrary exclusion of purpose and guidance from the course of the stars, he reaches an important philosophical conclusion in regard to the purpose, or lack of purpose, of the universe. I am not speaking of the accuracy or inaccuracy of his theory—which some astronomers challenge—but of his manner of arriving at his conclusion, which is typical of the "scientific" method of approaching life, and which is the basis of much of the materialistic philosophy inflicted upon the student at college. If, in place of postulating "blindly wandering", we postulate a purpose in the universe that guides the course of the stars, we do not have to assume wildly improbable "accidents", against which the "chances" are one hundred thousand to one, in Sir James Jeans's own estimate, or one hundred million to one, in that of others. Assume intelligence or design back of the course of the stars, and the orbit of every star may be so designed as to produce planets, so that the universe in fact may "teem with life". If we are to consider the purpose of the universe at all, it is surely only reasonable to assume that that purpose, whatever it may be, must lie back of and determine all things without exception, including the orbit of each star. It then all becomes as simple as for letters mailed in Hong Kong, London and Buenos Ayres to come together on my desk in New York. The "chances" would seem to be rather strongly against that happening, if we exclude intelligence from our "field" and start with the assumption that the letters were "blindly wandering" over the surface of the earth. To this, some astronomers might reply that, there being no evidence of guidance, we are not justified in assuming it. Why, in the complete absence of evidence against guidance, they feel justified in denying it—and to use the word "blindly" is to deny guidance—they will not explain. There is, of course, no more justification for denial without evidence than for assertion without it. There is no virtue in the negative form in itself, yet many scientists, most careful in their positive assertions, are utterly reckless in their denials. The general public, naturally enough, believes these denials to be based on evidence, and is correspondingly deceived. Our concern with scientists, let us say parenthetically, is due to the fact that the great majority of them are teachers at colleges or universities, and that their attitude very largely dominates modern education.

There is, of course, actually a great deal of evidence of intelligent guidance in the universe, evidence entirely convincing to many individual scientists, and certainly ample to justify its consideration as an hypothesis, particularly if the alternative be a theory against which, in the only instance of which we have knowledge, the chances are admittedly so huge.

Most scientists have given up talking about man as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms". Such an hypothesis calls for too much credulity, even for them. But, though obviously everything must be either fortuitous or designed, as scientists they still refuse, whatever their personal beliefs may be, to face the only alternative, which is design by some higher intelligence, by whatever name that

higher intelligence may be called. Fortunately, there are signs of a break-down in this attitude. It is a short step from Sir James Jeans's declaration that to him the universe is more like a thought than anything else, to the realization that a thought requires a Thinker; and not such a very long step from that to conceding that the Mind that thought man and the universe into existence, did not do so in idleness, but with a purpose, a purpose which, in the case of man, it might behove institutions of higher learning to endeavour to discover. At least they might cease to ignore the possibility that such a purpose exists.

So far as I am aware, it is only in the last century that there has been such an anomaly as an educational institution with no philosophy of life, a guide with no knowledge of the goal, or of the road to it, or even of whether or not there be a goal.

"We do not know what we are doing. We do not even know what we are trying to do."

No wonder colleges are having trouble with their superstructure, when they have no idea where or what are their foundations.

Either the universe and human life are in origin spiritual and purposeful, planned and ordered by higher intelligence, or they are not: chaos and chance, or order and design. The method of teaching and of interpreting practically all subjects, Psychology, Biology, History, Economics, Sociology, Astronomy, ought to be radically affected by the answer to that question. As things are, the decision has, in large measure, gone to materialism by default; for, in this case, there is little practical difference between ignoring design and denying it. Belief in the Spirit, in a Divine purpose back of all things, inevitably changes one's entire approach to life, and to every department of knowledge, not excluding art and literature. It becomes the background against which everything is seen. Obviously, if the universe be spiritual, a true standard of values is impossible without recognition of that fact. It behoves every man who comes into the world to make up his mind on that point, and to take his stand accordingly. That, in the last analysis, is the battle of life. In this battle, the colleges ought to be leaders, not spectators on the side-lines, afraid to make up their minds or to take sides, lest they violate "Academic freedom" or appear "unscientific".

We are not advocating sectarianism or dogmatism. May heaven preserve us from either! But it is entirely possible, without being either sectarian or dogmatic, to hold and to teach a spiritual philosophy of life, one that is in accord with the experience of the world throughout the ages, that furnishes an inspiring ideal, a scientific basis for ethics and a sound standard of values; that illumines and explains the events of life and is in harmony with scientific truth and human reason. Apologists for the colleges say that the adoption of any definite philosophy would hamper the search for truth. A layman may perhaps be pardoned for suggesting that if the colleges have been seeking philosophical truth for, let us say, the past fifty years, they ought by now to have found a little and be willing to take their stand on it, or else to change the method of their search to one more productive of results.

Nor are we advocating any infringement of freedom of thought. "There is no religion higher than truth." Every man should be free to believe as his conscience or his mental integrity demands. But surely the preservation of freedom of thought does not require that two men wishing to go in opposite directions should try to row together in the same boat. The attempt to make them do so merely results in the boat going in circles, and is not conducive to progress in any direction. There is no need for all the colleges to come to the same decision, but there is need for each one to make up its mind and take a definite stand, one way or the other, on the main question of whether life and the universe are in essence spiritual or material. By all means let those who hold and who wish to teach a materialistic view of life, have their colleges and teach it, drawing the materialists to their faculties. By their fruits, in time, they would be known.

Then, when once the lines of battle are drawn, perhaps there will be other colleges whose authorities will have faith in the soul and in its high destiny, in honour and nobility as man's heritage and the very essence of his being, faith in the "ancient, beautiful things", convinced that the universe is spiritual and purposeful, and who have the courage and the force of character to take their stand on these principles, and to make them dominate the teaching in their college, as the code of an officer and a gentleman dominates West Point.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

He that has character, need have no fear of his condition; character will draw condition after it.—BEECHER.

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.—EMERSON.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE GAIETY OF THE SAINTS

IT has been said that those adventurers who cross Niagara on a tight rope make it a practice to look straight ahead and keep on smiling. Much to the horror of the spectators, but seemingly without detriment to their performance, they may do a deal of teetering, but with eyes right and lips upcurved this in no wise signifies disaster. On the contrary, disaster is presaged by the gravity of consternation. They can stay on the rope as long as the smile stays on them. This smile, we may take it, is not a mere spasm of the *musculus risorius*, but a genuine expression of confidence in their rope, of perfect co-ordination and a conviction of final arrival. But it does not signify by any means that it is a simple matter to cross Niagara on a tight rope.

There is another Niagara and another tight rope, "narrow as the edge of a razor", which is also trod by smiling experts. "The Gaiety of the Saints" is a phrase which commends itself by its *justesse*, although some of them (or perhaps their biographers) have missed it, or have given undue emphasis to the "passionate austerity" it masks. A gloomy saint should be as much a contradiction in terms as a low-spirited star or a mean flower. A saint's gaiety is fostered by his complete ignorance that he is a saint (imagine his indignant surprise if you called him one), and his complacence is fed from springs untainted by personality. On the other hand, if you take a day off to prove to him that he is only a sinner after all, he will laugh at you, for he knew it all the time. His interest in you is that you should become a saint, and then the secret of his gaiety will be communicated as sunshine communicates itself when you emerge from a tunnel. In the meantime he smiles past you at something beyond you, or away from you at something within. His poised exultance cannot be reproduced by lesser beings. It is not a matter of temperament, though temperament may give it emphasis. It is no facial make-up, and the Cheshire Cat is its antithesis; there is no formula in the law or the prophets save that disclosed in the biggest secret ever told, "the kingdom of heaven is within you".

The gaiety of the saints? It is a phrase we have all heard. It has become a *cliché* even with pedestrian writers on religion, and yet—what about that word "gaiety"? There are so many cheap imitations of it, so many defiant counterfeits, that one is inclined to search the language for something richer, more felicitous, truer to the spirit of the thing. Urbanity? Serenity? Confidence? But a politician is urbane, a cow is serene, a bond-seller is confident. If there were a word to express "exultance-in-leash", we could use that. The qualifying words, "of the saints", may raise it to that significance, for this particular type of gaiety belongs to them, and despite much crackling of thorns under pots, is confined to them.

On the other hand if a thing is true on the spiritual plane, the race responds to its faintest adumbrations all the way down. Perhaps the wild animal spirits

of the empty-headed are the discordant echoes of choiring seraphim? Kittens, including human ones in rompers, combine their gaiety with great charm, while the masquerade parties of Coué and his ilk are at least admissions that, even on the physical plane, it works from inside out. But the road between kitten and seraphim is long and highly experimental.

When we first set ourselves to meditate, we probably call up each fault and say insulting things to it, which seems to act as a tonic. Then, desiring to be fair to ourselves, we call up each virtue—our punctuality, our Christmas stamps, our dislike of burglars, our this and that, and regard the appalling total. Reputable citizens and church goers that we are, in the name of the Trinity we have erred and strayed like lost sheep, and appalled by the chores ahead, we become low in our minds. Then along comes one of these cheerful holy ones to enlighten our darkness, a debonair saint of the Lord, bearing His light burden and His easy yoke.

In Chesterton's *St. Francis d'Assisi*, we learn how one saint achieved gaiety. A citizen cannot be turned into a saint without wastage—there will be odds and ends for the scrap basket; but we are concerned not with the wastage but with the retrieval: the important thing is that there should *be* a saint to show for it, and never mind the snippets. Yet be careful where the scissors slash, perhaps the material we impatiently discard can be turned upside down and used the other way. Slaughter is easier and quicker than retrieval, whether dealing with paper and string, or with cold potatoes, or with souls; but it is wasteful. It is a revelation of right method to watch St. Francis at this work. He turned himself into a disciple, not without the classical reversal of values which is the basis of discipleship, not without pain and discipline, not without denial of his world and withdrawal from it while the refashioning went on, but seemingly without "poverties, wincings and sulky retreats", and without any self-conscious "flapdoodle"—to borrow a word dropped from higher up. He managed in some inscrutable way of his own to cash in his personality and pay it over to the higher self, without the ninety per cent discount which many grimly accept as the rate of exchange. He kept the fire of Kama and actually deflected it to Buddhi, without smoking to Heaven like a boiler factory. As we read we are amazed at the extraordinary adroitness of his retention for the spiritual life of those characteristics which pedestrian piety finds inimical. In a spiritual sense he was a keen man of business—keen like St. Paul. Every drop of the bath water went out and never a sign of the baby. He began to do different things, but he did them in the same way, or he went on doing the same things but did them in a different way. He was naturally impulsive, headlong and passionate, and he quite naturally remained so; but he rushed impulsively about doing good, he hurled himself headlong at every obstacle, and dashed passionately over fences and through walls. Sensitive and refined, he exposed himself to the jeers of the street and to the repudiation of his peers. He was a saint who made the rest of them shudder, a believer who kept the orthodox in a stew of protest, and a lunatic so sane that many writers are ludicrously put to it to account for him at all. They tell about his birds with apologetic smiles—there is an engaging side to soft-

headedness; they dust him off and set him right side up and talk and explain, and all the while this Jongleur of the Lord takes his wise wild way straight through them, paying no heed to the winds of chatter. He harnessed acquired austerity to native gaiety, a fastidious hedonism to harshest poverty, a sensitive pride to holy indifference, and drove them six in hand. "He paraded", says Chesterton, "the holy topsyturveydom of humility and the paradoxes of asceticism." And with it all, oh marvel of marvels, he kept with him that Jonah of the prentice saint, his charm. The dyed-in-the-wool Protestant is apt to hold charm suspect, especially if he has none. He thinks it is a carefully volitional something you turn into small coin with which to pay your way or to buy that cheapest of commodities, personal tribute. If he has no sense of humour, and so many of him have not, he is sure that anything so agreeable must belong to the Black Lodge. But all this is no indictment of charm, and no reason for dismissing it as something the Masters cannot work with. There is every reason to suppose that they are irresistible with it. With all thy getting, get charm. Let it stand high among the skandhas we determine upon, for we cannot afford to exile any fairy angels in this business.

And speaking of fairy angels, it would be worth our while to read or reread Clutton Brock's incomparable essays on the Virâga Gate, called respectively "Spiritual Experience" and "Spirit and Matter". Clutton Brock has perhaps never heard of the Virâga Gate by that name, but he knows much about it. His "fairy angel" so lovingly dwelt upon (use your own name for it, God, if you like), is the source and goal of all other-world consciousness; it is that which sings eternally, but generally unheeded or denied, in the heart of things—in our hearts. Many say there is no such singing, it is just a poetical fallacy; but they are uneasy, for something tells them now and then, even the loudest of them, that they lie in their throats. So they haunt noisy places and drown the singing, for a tomtom is less disturbing than a lark. The artists (especially the myth-makers) are such by reason of their more or less vague intuition that there is such an angel somewhere. The scientists deny it (not necessarily the existence of God, but the expression of him through fairy angels), and everybody else trots about and believes a little of everything and nothing much of anything. There is one far-off divine event to which the whole creation intermittently crawls. This is called, especially in the intermittencies, evolution.

Theosophy gives us blessed and beautiful words by which to trace things and lift them from vagueness. It would seem that the fairy angel is singing for us all on the further side of what we know as the Virâga Gate. All life and all art, strain and agonize to catch and translate the distorted echoes of that eternal music. We ask, "what does it say," "what is it all about"? If a note rings true we say with wistful bewilderment, "he must have been some sort of mystic". The cathedral builder of old must have been some sort of mystic because he was some sort of lover. No consciousness can render unto us that which it has not, no stream can rise higher than its source.

The student of Theosophy is taught at the beginning, and learns after many days, that there can be no *sustained* spiritual consciousness on the wrong side

of the Virâga Gate. Time and again the strong hands of our leaders have forced us through, and for an hour—a day—we breathed that air. Then we saw Lucifer shining among the gods; then our Manicheisms (dismissed from the intellect but persisting in the blood) slipped from us; then that which is secret was made manifest. Though we fell back to our old rôle, in and out of the Gates like puppies at a fair, we can never again blaspheme with our denials; for it happened. When the placated heart comes home, the universe is home and heaven is heaven all the way; universals and particulars have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. If we could but stay there we should be taken care of, for this is but the beginning of wisdom, and there are other Gates.

Clutton Brock says, "Actual spiritual experience begins with the sense of beauty. In that we are first aware of the universal and see it indissolubly linked with the particular." For that we must cultivate the eye that is incapable of tears, the ear that has lost its sensitiveness, the voice that cannot wound—the senses of the inner man.

L. S.

Because all those scattered rays of beauty and loveliness which we behold spread up and down over all the world, are only the emanations of that inexhausted light which is above; therefore should we love them all in that, and climb up always by those sunbeams unto the eternal Father of lights.—Dr. John Smith (1618—1652).

The needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate, the interests and affections of our life.—Martineau.

Not Revelation 'tis that waits
But our unfurnished eyes.—Emily Dickinson.

MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

IV. The Trikaya

Entering the Cloud of the Law, the Bodhisattva reaches the world of the Tathagata, where the flowers of the Samadhis are in bloom. Then, in order to bring all beings to maturity, he shines like the moon in water, with varieties of rays of transformation.—Lankavatara Sutra.

THE Third Fragment of *The Voice of the Silence* describes "the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of Perfection", whose nature becomes *Compassion Absolute.*

" 'Om! I believe it is not all the Arhats that get of the Nirvanic Path the sweet fruition.'

" 'Om! I believe that the Nirvana-Dharma is entered not by all the Buddhas.'

"Yea; on the Arya Path thou art no more Srotapatti; thou art a Bodhisattva. The stream is cross'd. 'Tis true thou hast a right to Dharmakaya vesture; but Sambhogakaya is greater than a Nirvanee, and greater still is a Nirmanakaya—the Buddha of Compassion."

In a footnote, Madame Blavatsky comments:

> Popular reverence calls "Buddhas of Compassion" those Bodhisattvas who, having reached the rank of an Arhat (i.e., having completed the *fourth* or *seventh* Path), refuse to pass into the Nirvanic state or "don the *Dharmakaya* robe and cross to the other shore", as it would then become beyond their power to assist men even so little as Karma permits. They prefer to remain invisibly (in Spirit, so to speak) in the world, and contribute towards men's salvation by influencing them to follow the Good Law, i.e. lead them on the Path of Righteousness. . . . The three Buddhic bodies or forms are styled: (a) *Nirmanakaya*, (b) *Sambhogakaya*, (c) *Dharmakaya*. The first is that ethereal form which one would assume when, leaving his physical, he would appear in his astral body—having in addition all the knowledge of an Adept. The Bodhisattva develops it in himself as he proceeds on the Path. Having reached the goal and refused its fruition, he remains on Earth as an Adept; and when he dies, instead of going into Nirvana, he remains in that glorious body he has woven for himself, invisible to uninitiated mankind, to watch over and protect it. . . . *Sambhogakaya* is the same, but with the additional lustre of "three perfections", one of which is entire obliteration of all earthly concerns. . . . The *Dharmakaya* body is that of a complete Buddha, i.e. no body at all, but an ideal breath: Consciousness merged in the Universal Consciousness, or Soul devoid of every attribute. Once a Dharmakaya, an Adept or Buddha leaves behind every possible relation with, or thought for, this earth. Thus, to be enabled to help humanity, an Adept who has won the right to Nirvana "renounces the *Dharmakaya* body" in mystic parlance; keeps, of the *Sambhogakaya*, only the great and complete knowledge, and remains in his *Nirmanakaya* body. The esoteric school teaches that Gautama Buddha, with several of his Arhats, is such a *Nirmanakaya*, higher than whom, on account of the great renunciation and sacrifice for mankind, there is none known (pp. 75-77).

The doctrine of the Trikaya (the three bodies) is one expression of the Bodhisattva Doctrine. It seems to have been most completely formulated by Asanga, the founder of the Yogacharya School, although its elements are present in the Mahayana from the beginning. Without doubt, it is one of the most abstruse conceptions in the Northern canon. Orientalists have been more than usually mystified by the truths for which it stands; and many of the exoteric Buddhist interpretations are obscure and confused.

This is natural enough, for the Mahayana philosophers themselves read more than one meaning in the Trikaya. It had the special signification indicated by Madame Blavatsky; but also it was used as a general key to the "occult world". Only an occultist can be expected really to understand its deeper sense. Thus, in one of its most important aspects, the Trikaya doctrine suggests the analogy between the spiritual forces consciously controlled by the Chêla or Arhat, and the formative power in Nature which builds the Universe.

Like the Christian Trinity, the Buddhist Trikaya illustrates a fundamental datum of mystical science, that the evolution of the Universe, as well as of man, is a three-fold process, although that which evolves is in reality not a triad but an indivisible unity. Every great religion contains in some form the postulate that the One Self of all beings, the Godhead, contains within itself three discrete but perfectly interblended potencies or *logoi:* "Three in One, and One in Three". It is apparent, therefore, that the Trikaya is neither more nor less difficult to comprehend than the Trinity. It is based upon a similar "revelation", that is, upon a similar mystical experience. For those who can find in their consciousness no analogue of this experience, the Trikaya and the Trinity must be completely unintelligible, even if they be outwardly accepted as articles of faith.

Some will ask what purpose can be served by reflection upon a concept as transcendental as this. It is a leading question, but we need not despair of an answer. The lover of truth is not depressed but stimulated by the realization that there are things in the Universe which he does not yet know. One of the characteristic defects of the modern spirit is its aversion to mystery, its indifference to the data of mystical experience. Even if we consider the Trikaya only as an abstraction, like a mathematical formula, its beauty should lead us to surmise its truth. As Madame Blavatsky wrote in the *Theosophical Glossary* (s. v. *Nirmanakaya*): "Whatever objection may be brought forward against this doctrine; however much it is denied,—no one will be bold enough to say that this idea of helping suffering mankind at the price of one's own almost interminable self-sacrifice, is not one of the grandest and noblest that was ever evolved from human brain."

Therefore, pronouncing a vow of intellectual humility and recognizing our feeble mental capacity, let us approach the Trikaya doctrine as the Mahayana philosophers approached it. As they conceived and represented it, there is the Trikaya in the Universe and there is the Trikaya in man. They recognized that the two are separable only in our human thought, for in the Real World, macrocosm and microcosm are one. But on the planes where duality is apparent, the

"three forms" of human nature are imagined to be distinct from, though continuous with, the "three forms" of Cosmic Nature.

As regards the macrocosmic Trikaya, we read in the *Theosophical Glossary:*

> [The Trikaya doctrine], once understood, explains the mystery of every triad or trinity, and is a true key to every three-fold metaphysical symbol. In its most simple and comprehensive form it is found in the human Entity in its triple division into spirit, soul, and body, and in the universe, regarded pantheistically, as a unity composed of a Deific, purely spiritual Principle, Supernal Beings—its direct rays—and Humanity. The origin of this is found in the teachings of the prehistoric Wisdom Religion, or Esoteric Philosophy. The grand Pantheistic ideal, of the unknown and unknowable Essence being transformed first into subjective, and then into objective matter, is at the root of all these triads and triplets. Thus we find in philosophical Northern Buddhism (1) Adi-Buddha (or Primordial Universal Wisdom); (2) the Dhyani-Buddhas (or Bodhisattvas); (3) the Manushi (Human) Buddhas. In European conceptions we find the same: God, Angels and Humanity symbolized theologically by the God-Man. . . . "Bodhi being the characteristic of a Buddha"—a distinction was made between "essential Bodhi" as the attribute of the Dharmakaya, i.e. "essential body"; "reflected Bodhi" as the attribute of Sambhogakaya; and "practical Bodhi" as the attribute of Nirmanakaya . . . (1) the Nirmanakaya vesture is preferred by the "Buddhas of Compassion" to that of the Dharmakaya state, precisely because the latter precludes him who attains it from any communication or relation with the finite, i.e. with humanity; (2) it is not Buddha (Gautama, the mortal man, or any other personal Buddha) who lives ubiquitously in "three different spheres at the same time", but Bodhi, the universal and abstract principle of divine Wisdom. . . . It is Bodhi, or the spirit of Buddhaship which, having resolved itself into its primordial, homogeneous essence and merged into it, as Brahmâ (the universe) merges into Parabrahm, the *Absoluteness*—that is meant under the name of "essential Bodhi". For the Nirvanee, or Dhyani-Buddha, must be supposed—by living in Arupadhatu, the *formless* state, and in Dharmakaya—to be that "essential Bodhi" itself. It is the Dhyani-Bodhisattvas, the primordial rays of the universal Bodhi, who live in "reflected Bodhi" in Rupadhatu, or the world of subjective "forms"; and it is the Nirmanakayas (plural) who upon ceasing their lives of "practical Bodhi" . . . remain voluntarily in the Kamadhatu (the world of desire), whether in objective forms on earth or in subjective states in its sphere (art. "Trikaya", "Trisharana").

In *The Secret Doctrine*, certain groups of the *Manasaputras*, who awaken humanity to real Self-consciousness, are identified with "Nirmanakayas from other Manvantaras" or world-cycles. They are described as the spirits of "great Sages from spheres on a higher plane than our own, who voluntarily incarnate in mortal bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress" (ed. 1893; II, 98, 673).

The essentials of this theosophical conception of the universal Triyana as the three-fold Logos can be discovered in the Mahayana. In this aspect, the Dharmakaya of the scriptures is Divine Nature, the "Real of the Real", the form of Truth, the Substance of both Spirit and Matter, "the essence of Buddhahood", "the norm of all existences". It is one with Bhutatathata, the basis of Being, and is at the same time self-existent as the unmanifested archetype or model of every form and every state of consciousness. It is synonymous with Nirvana and with Vairochana Buddha, the consummation of perfect wisdom and perfect purity.

The Sambhogakaya, "the body of compensation", is an object of worship for

the "Pure Land" sect in Japan, the devotees of Amida or Amitabha, the Lord of the Western Paradise. This majestic figure has been greatly vulgarized. In its origin it appears to have been the creative and living Light which is emanated by the Dharmakaya. An earlier designation of the "Second Person" of the Buddhist Trinity is Nishyanda, which means "out-flowing". Nishyanda is the energy that converts potentiality into potency. As the *Lankavatara Sutra* says, the Nishyanda Buddha "matures the conditions of all beings". It is the Good Law which brings creatures to birth in the Real World, or—what is the same thing—it is the assemblage of the Buddhas, "the Lords of Karma", who embody the Good Law. The Dharmakaya is "illumined instantly by the radiance which streams from the Nishyanda". Thus the "body of recompense" is the light shining in darkness. It is the mediator between the created form and its uncreated essence. It is the beacon which makes manifest the Path.

The Nirmanakaya, in the broadest sense, is real individual being. It is a ray or emanation or specific embodiment of the Sambhogakaya. As Dr. McGovern states: "The Nirmanakaya is of two classes, which are called (in Japanese) the *Ōjin* and *Keshin*. . . . The *Ōjin* is identical in essence with the Sambhogakaya, no distinction can be made between the two; the *Keshin* is merely a man in whom the spirit of the universal Buddha dwells, inspiring his teaching and elevating his personality" (*Introduction to Mahayana Buddhism*, p. 90). According to this definition, the Japanese, *Ōjin*, seems to be the equivalent of the Sanskrit, *Mahatma*, a Great Soul.

The general principles underlying these vast conceptions are not peculiar to Mahayana Buddhism. There is a truly remarkable parallelism between Nishyanda Buddha and the Logos of the Fourth Gospel. Also, the order and attributes of the Trikaya are reproduced, often in detail, in the system of Plotinus, the "three bodies" corresponding to the One Self (*to hen*), Spirit (*nous*), and Soul (*psuche*). In each case, the spiritual or "subjective" Universe is emanated by a hidden and ineffable Principle, and the "Higher Ego" of man is, in turn, the radiation or offspring of the spiritual Universe.

When we pass from the Universe to man, however, the Trikaya doctrine assumes a form which is quite unique. Certainly the orthodox Christian dogma of the Trinity offers nothing comparable to the Nirmanakaya ideal, although the life and passion of Christ illustrate perfectly what "practical Bodhi" implies, and every Christian saint who longs to share his Master's suffering, actually aspires to the Nirmanakaya state.

The "three forms" in man do not change their order, the Dharmakaya being still the "highest" and the Nirmanakaya the "lowest". "To don the Dharmakaya robe" is to enter Nirvana, the supreme personal attainment. The Sambhogakaya is the possession of one who has earned supreme and enduring bliss and who dwells in the highest Heaven. The Nirmanakaya, "the body of transformation", is an exile in the world of desire, subject to change and suffering. The ultimate goal of all beings is always conscious, complete self-identification with the Dharmakaya, Nirvana; but it is the purpose of true Buddhism that all, or as many as possible, should accomplish this supreme transmutation. The

right to enter a certain kind of Nirvana can be earned for oneself alone, but he who takes advantage of it loses the power to help others. So far as the rest of mankind is concerned, he is, indeed, "annihilated". Similarly he who rests in the bliss of the Sambhogakaya obliterates the cares of humanity from his consciousness. The Arhat who renounces Nirvana and becomes a Nirmanakaya, alone remains accessible to those who seek him. He "shines like the moon in water, with varieties of rays of transformation", each ray assuming a form designed to awaken the "Buddha-heart" within the nature of the particular mortal whom it overshadows. Thus, Dharmakaya and Sambhogakaya, as spiritual states, as ideal "forms", and as *logoi*, are reverenced, but the Nirmanakaya, as a living Buddha of Compassion, is loved.

The last stages of the Bodhisattva's initiation are concerned with his self-conversion into a Nirmanakaya. Inevitably they are immeasurably beyond our comprehension, as remote from our daily round as the Wars of the Gods and Titans. However, quite apart from the discoverable analogies between divine and human sacrifices and renunciations, we can admit light and air into our stuffy little minds, if we sincerely try to meditate upon the beauty and splendour of these distant events.

The initiation of the Bodhisattva is frequently described as a passage or ascent through the ten *bhumis* or "earths", that is, through ten spheres of consciousness. The *bhumis* correspond, in a general way, to the *paramitas*. The first six, as given in the *Daça-bhumika-sutra*, are *pramudita* (joyful), *vimala* (pure), *prabhakari* (luminous), *arcishmati* (radiant), *sudurjaya* (hard-to-conquer), *abhimukhi* (face-to-face); and these are respectively correlated with *dana*, *shila*, *kshanti*, *virya*, *dhyani*, *prajña*. These six are open to all men. The Hinayana devotee, who seeks personal liberation and bliss, can attain the stage where he sees certain realities "face-to-face". In other words, the Sravaka can become an Arhat or Adept by accepting a long and arduous course in self-discipline and ascetic practice. He can exercise the right of choice, pertaining to the status which he gains, and can enter Nirvana or Paradise. It is then said of him that, though liberated from the gross body of egotism, he is still bound by its subtile or "causal" form. "Intoxicated with the wine of the *samadhis*, he cherishes the idea of Nirvanic beatitude, and as this is possible at the sixth stage, he passes into his Nirvana, but it is not the Nirvana of the Buddhas."

The Bodhisattva who reaches the sixth *bhumi*, is really at the threshold of his true initiation. His whole procedure has, however, been marked by the spirit of self-dedication, from the beginning of the way, for in the first stage (the joyful), he pronounced his great vows to serve the Buddhas for ever in their work for mankind, and he has continuously appealed to the Buddhas for aid and guidance. At the moment of his choice between bliss and sacrifice, the power of the Buddhas whom he invokes enters into him, re-enforcing his human will and aspiration. Without the Master's help at this crucial moment, he would fail.

Whatever the Bodhisattva accomplishes . . . is done by the power of the Buddhas which sustains him. If the Bodhisattva could speak intelligently without being sus-

tained by that power, the ignorant would also speak intelligently. If it be sustained thereby, the Universe with its grasses, shrubs, trees, and mountains, . . . all will become music. How much more conscious beings. The deaf, the dumb, the blind will be emancipated from their defects. . . . Mahamati asked, Why do the Tathagatas sustain the Bodhisattva? . . . The Blessed One replied: It is to keep him from the evil one and from evil passions; it is to keep him from falling into the blissful Dhyana of the Sravakas [Hinayana disciples]; it is to lead him towards the self-realization of the Tathagata-stage; to make him grow in the virtues already acquired. If he be not thus sustained, he will not be enlightened in the Supreme Enlightenment (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

We read in the *Avatamsaka-sutra*, or in the *Daça-bhumika-sutra*, that up to the seventh stage the Bodhisattva has endeavoured not to be affected or contaminated by a life of evil passions, but has not yet been able to go beyond it. He is like a great king who goes about riding on a fine elephant. He knows thus that there are many poverty-stricken people in his country, but he himself has no fear of becoming one of these unhappy creatures. He is quite free indeed from such contamination, but he cannot be said to be a super-man who has passed beyond the frailty of a mortal being. He can attain to this transcendental state only by abandoning his kingly position and being born in the Brahman world, where, enveloped in the celestial light, he looks down at thousands of worlds and freely walks among them (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, p. 224).

The last four *bhumis* correspond to the four supplementary *paramitas*, the amplifications of *prajña* or wisdom.

The seventh *bhumi* is *durangama* (far-going). "The *Mahayana sutralankara* explains that this *bhumi* is so-called because it leads to the end of the only Way, the consummation of the Discipline. A Bodhisattva now acquires great wisdom in the choice of expedients for helping others. . . . He attains liberation, but does not realize personal *nirvana*. He enters the great ocean of Buddha-knowledge. . . . He especially cultivates the paramita 'upaya-kausalya' [skilful means] without neglecting the others" (Har Dayal: *The Bodhisattva Doctrine in Buddhist Sanskrit Literature*, p. 290).

The eighth *bhumi*, *acala* or *achala* (the immovable) is especially associated with *pranidhana paramita* (resolution). It is personified as the "Destroyer of Evil Passions". In this stage, the Bodhisattva acquires "divine patience" (*anutpattika-dharma-kshanti*), the readiness to be born in the world, though he has passed beyond the necessity of birth. "He is then as detached as the sky and descends upon all objects as upon an empty space. This is 'divine patience' " (*Daça-bhumika-sutra*).

The ninth *bhumi* (*sadhumati*) is "the stage of good being or good thought". It is characterized by the *paramita* of power (*bala*), by wisdom in action.

The tenth is called *dharma-megha* (the Cloud of the Law). It is the Perfection of Knowledge (*jñana*), and its name signifies that "it is pervaded by the modes of Concentration and by magic spells, as space is occupied by clouds". It is the borderland of the veritable Buddha-world.

The Fourth Chapter of the *Lankavatara Sutra* concludes with a summary of this teaching of the *bhumis:*

The first seven stages are still of the mind, but the eighth is imageless, the ninth and tenth have still something whereon to rest themselves; the highest stage of all belongs

to Me. Self-realization and absolute purity—this stage is my own; it is the highest station of Maheshvara, the Supreme Lord, the Akanistha Heaven shining brightly [upon the worlds of form]. Its rays of light move forward like a mass of fire; bright-coloured, charming and auspicious, they transform the triple world. Some worlds are being transformed and others are transformed already; [according to the need] I preach the various vehicles which belong to my stage. But from the absolute point of view, these stages are all one. . . . What gradation can there be where imagelessness prevails?

When the Bodhisattva transcends the eighth stage, he begins the fashioning of a spiritual vehicle, the *manomayakaya* or "will-body". The *manomayakaya* may be compared to the *manomaya kosha* of the Vedanta (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 181). As Dr. Suzuki points out, it seems to be a name or form of the Nirmanakaya.

By *manomaya* is meant the power to move about as speedily and unobstructedly as one wills. [The *manomayakaya* is] like the mind that moves without obstacles over mountains, walls, rivers and trees, even beyond many hundred thousands of yojanas, by merely thinking of objects seen previously, with its own thought continuously and uninterruptedly working regardless of the limitations of the body. When the Manomayakaya is obtained in the realization of the Samadhi known as Mayopama [Maya-like], one acquires the ten Powers, the ten-fold Self-mastery, and the six Psychic Faculties, is adorned with the distinguishing marks, and born in the family of Holy Path. Thinking of the objects of his original vow to bring all beings to maturity, the Bodhisattva moves about among them without hindrance as the mind moves. . . . Entering the Samadhis, the Bodhisattva acquires a body which exhibits various powers of Self-mastery and supernatural activity, which moves according to his wish as quickly as a flower opens, which resembles Maya, a dream, and a reflected image, and which is not a product of the elements but has something analogous to what is produced by the elements, which is furnished with all the differentiation belonging to the world of forms and yet is able to be present at all assemblages in the Buddha-lands. This is the body which has a thorough knowledge of the self-nature of the Real (*Dharma*) and for this reason is called will-body. . . . My Mahayana [in itself] is neither a vehicle, nor a sound, nor words. . . . Yet the Mahayana is a vehicle bearing the Samadhis, charged with creative potency; the several forms of the will-body are adorned with the flowers of the sovereign will. . . . As the Bodhisattva perceives that all things are appearances and non-entities, there takes place a revulsion in the recesses of his consciousness. He is now adorned with flowers, . . . moves as quickly as thought itself; and the body attained is like the reflection of the moon in water or like an image in a mirror (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

This will-body is said to undergo an "inconceivable-transformation-death" (*acintya-parinama-cyuti*). There are "two kinds of death. . . . in the life of a Bodhisattva. The first is the natural death happening to his physical body which is acquired as the result of his past karma committed through his evil passions and outflowings. . . . The other is 'inconceivable-transformation-death'. This happens to the subtile body of a Bodhisattva which he assumes as the consequence of his karma and intellectual hindrance which has not yet been thoroughly destroyed. The life-limit of this super-material body is indefinite as it depends upon the original vows of the Bodhisattva. If his compassionate heart makes him wish to live eternally among mortal beings in order to save the last one, he may live in this body until then" (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 212). It is

significant that personal immortality, as here conceived, is described as an "inconceivable-transformation-death". One recalls the simple affirmation of Paul the Initiate: "I die daily".

The Mahayana mystics are careful not to lapse into hard and fast definitions. The Bodhisattva who becomes a Nirmanakaya is exalted in esteem above the Nirvanee who chooses the Dharmakaya state. But the Nirmanakaya is itself an emanation or manifestation of the universal Buddha, the "form" of the Dharmakaya which is "essential Bodhi". Moreover, the Nirmanakaya is not regarded as a fixed "impersonation", a permanent "self". There are as many transformations of the Nirmanakaya as there are occasions for its manifestation. When the Buddha addresses an Adept, he does not assume the form which he adopts when he appears in the world of unregenerate men. Thus we read in the *Suvarna-prabhasa:*

O son of good family, the Tathagata has a Triple Body. . . . When the Tathagata was of old disciplining himself, he practised all kinds of virtue for the sake of sentient beings. The discipline reached its perfection, and by virtue of the discipline he attained the state of freedom; and because of this freedom he knows how to follow the course of the minds of all beings, how to be in accord with their conduct, and how to enter into their worlds. He understands all the multifarious ways in which they are living, and for this reason he appears to them in a variety of forms precisely when and where it is most opportune for them to come into his presence. He never makes mistakes in this respect, as to time or space, as to conduct or discourse. This body thus assumed is the Body of Transformation [practical Bodhi].

O son of good family, all the Buddhas and Tathagatas preach the ultimate truth to the Bodhisattvas in order to make them thoroughly conversant with the Nature of things, to make them see the oneness of Nirvana and Samsara, to make the hearts of sentient beings rejoice by wiping them clear from all fears arising from the thought of an ego. . . . The Body of the Tathagata appears bearing the thirty-two marks of a great personality, . . . enveloped in a great halo. That is the Body of Response [reflected Bodhi, "the Light of the Logos"].

O son of good family, in order to clear away all the possible hindrances arising from evil passions and other things, and to conserve all that is good, [the Great Teacher] is the Essence of things [Essential Bodhi]: this is known as the Dharmakaya. The first two Bodies are temporarily discriminated, while the third is true reality, being the root of the other two. For when severed from the Essence of things and from real knowledge, all the Buddhas cease to have virtues of their own. The state of Immaculate Buddhahood is attained only when the knowledge that constitutes the essence of all the Buddhas is realized, thereby ending all evil passions for ever. Therefore the Reality of things and the knowledge of Reality contain in themselves all that constitutes Buddhahood.

There is no contradiction between this passage and the statement in *The Voice of the Silence*, that the Nirmanakaya is greater than Sambhogakaya and Dharmakaya. The Dharmakaya of the scripture just quoted is Divine Nature; it is not the "robe" of the selfish Nirvanee who destroys in himself the very memory of human suffering.

The time will come even to those who speak evil of the Bodhisattvayana when through the power (*adhishthana*) of the Buddhas they finally embrace the Mahayana and by amassing stock of merit enter into Nirvana, for the Buddhas are always working for the

benefit of all beings no matter what they are. But as for the Bodhisattva he never enters into Nirvana as he has a deep insight into the nature of things which are already in Nirvana even as they are (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 220).

The great error of the selfish devotee, as the Mahayana conceives it, is that he sees Nirvana primarily as release from personal suffering. He contrasts it with what is called Samsara (the wheel of birth-and-death). But this Nirvana or state of passive life is only the opposite of active life.

So long as dualism is adhered to, there is no [true] Nirvana, no self-realization. Light and shadow, long and short, black and white—they are mutually related; when they stand alone, each by itself, they have no meaning. So with Nirvana. When it is sought after in relation to Samsara, we have a sort of Nirvana. But this kind vanishes when separated from the condition of mutuality in which it exists. True Nirvana is that which is realized in the oneness of Nirvana and Samsara. . . . Mahayana followers strive to realize this kind of Nirvana (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 129).

The Bodhisattva who exercises "divine patience" may be withdrawn from the domain of the senses, deep in contemplation and outwardly passive; or he may be incarnate and active, sharing the "birth-and-death" of mortals: in both conditions he is in the true Nirvana which transcends all duality, all pairs of opposites. In this conception of the true Nirvana, it would seem that the "flight of the Mahayana" reaches its highest point. The life to which it points is called "purposeless". The Bodhisattva can execute the designs and purposes of Divine Nature, because he has no design, no purpose for himself. "Not for himself, but for the world he lives."

Through his ten never-ending vows the Bodhisattva will bring all beings to maturity. Manifesting himself in various forms in response to the needs of all beings, he will never know where to rest from his task; and yet his mind is always abiding in the state of Self-realization and in the enjoyment of perfect meditation (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

STANLEY V. LADOW.

One came to the Master and said: How shall I be delivered from the wheel of Birth and Death? And the Master replied: Who puts you under restraint?—SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

IN their overthrow of what the past had built with toil and pain, our times prompt many questions. Two are these: Why does the virtue of nations always decline, despite the efforts of their great men? Why do the masses always reject their Saviours? To seek the answers leads us into fertile fields.

Progress must be cyclic. Nations rise and fall. Virtue among men waxes and wanes; and in human history the deepest need calls forth the highest response, for the aristocratic principle that moves the great of soul is this: that the good of the many and the weak must be won by the self-sacrifice of the few and the strong. So Krishna tells Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, "I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness." In the parable of the vineyard, it was when the husbandmen had turned against his servants that the lord of the vineyard sent his son. The great Lodge of Masters must work against the tides. It is the world's rejection of its Saviours that brings them to manifestation and to our knowledge. When they are not rejected, they can do their work in the silence of the inner world.

There is another way of approaching these questions, which may serve to bring out facts that it is well to keep in mind. The aristocratic principle is imbedded in the spiritual hierarchy and is basic in life itself; for life is the meeting of two currents, the descent from above and the ascent from beneath, and each of these is moved by sacrifice compelled by love. Without such sacrifice no life can endure.

Virtue and virility are derived from the same root, from the Latin *vir*, a man. However different their connotations have become, each means, in its origin, the quality of manliness,—the quality that makes man man, and humanity human. What is this quality? Man bridges two worlds, the animal and the spiritual, sharing in both. In his own being he is both particular and universal, both separate, and one with all that is. He is an animal, having all the needs of an animal; but incapable of being satisfied by their satisfaction. He is an organism; but an organism that possesses a very remarkable faculty,—the ability to transcend itself in furtherance of interests that appear diametrically opposed to those of its separate existence. It is to this capacity and need for self-transcendence that both virtue and virility point. Each implies the exercise of the characteristic power of the *vir* to reach out to potencies and values that far surpass his personal self, in a devotion that so dominates the animal organism as to enable it to deny and sacrifice itself, even to the laying down of its life. It is a power of heroic self-giving, whereby the sense of self is either changed or lost, is either dropped from consciousness or is lifted above the limitations of the per-

sonality and attached to the purposes of the spirit. As in Greek mythology the heroes are presented as demigods, born of the union of gods and men, so does this capacity of heroism in man's nature—without which neither virtue nor virility have meaning—testify to the presence there of the supernature of the spirit, and to man's power to rise above nature in his hold upon supernature. Where this power is not claimed, man becomes less than man. Where it is exercised, he becomes something more. All growth is sacrifice and self-transcendence. The activity that is not self-transcendent is but the fermentation of decay.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." But to receive it there must be the reaching up from below,—a response to what descends from above. This response must be made by the individual. The mass, as mass, cannot rise above itself. That is the power of the individual, for of all men the hero is the most individual; and though from him the contagion of self-abnegation can spread like fire through a mob, it is at his flame that they kindle. Thus nations live by the virtue of their heroes; and this is true in every field, in literature and art, in philosophy and government and war, no less than in religion. Let us remember this, and remember, too, that heroism rises from self-forgetting hero-worship.

Physicists tell us that all things flow from higher to lower levels, unless external work be done upon them. That is what they call the second law of thermodynamics. In popular restatements of it, the qualifying proviso is usually omitted, turning a partial truth into something wholly false. Thus it is said that water runs down hill, as though that were a self-evident and complete truth. But water could never run down hill unless it had somehow, first, got up hill. Patently, it must run both up and down hill, if it is for long to continue doing either. The running down can be but one half of the cycle, of which the running up is the other. Both halves of this cycle lie equally within our experience; for we know not only the rain and the rivers, but also the evaporation that forms the clouds, and the way moisture is drawn up through the soil from buried reservoirs. One half of the cycle is a mass phenomenon, tumultuous and noisy, and so attracts attention; the other half is silent and, wrought in finest subdivision, is usually invisible. Turn on the bath-tub tap, and we hear and see the splashing of the stream as it falls from the faucet. Let a towel, hanging on the side of the tub, dip into the water, and you neither see nor hear the water rise, but in time the whole towel is wet, and the water, rising in it through capillary attraction, begins to siphon down upon the floor. It had to flow up before it could flow down; and this is as true of the rain and the streams. They tell us of their opposites, of the slanting rays of the sun resting on the lakes and oceans, and the silent yielding of the surface water to their drawing power. In the mass, truly, water flows down hill; but in its finer forms, touched by the sun's rays, stirred and absorbed by the air, it can obey another law than that which holds the mass.

It is well for us that this is so, for our very existence depends upon it. Some day some imaginative scientist will depict the end of life upon the earth through the failure of water to respond to sun and air, or to do anything but run down hill, as it is said to do. It would be a striking parable. Suppose that in man's mad

greed to claim for himself all the wealth and resources of the earth, some one of the many wells he drives for oil should yield a flow, too great for his control, which poured down into the sea. Suppose it spread there as a thin, invisible film, till all the seven seas were covered with it, separating the water from the air and preventing evaporation. Nothing visible is changed, only the very surface of the sea has been touched; but no longer will any water rise above the level of the mass, nor act counter to the pull of gravitation and the inertia that holds the mass. No clouds form. The climate changes. The air, containing no moisture, ceases to shield the earth from the burning of the sun's rays, or to temper the arctic cold of night. Vegetation vanishes, and the surface of the earth becomes a frozen desert, where life is impossible. The end of mankind has come,—through his own greed,—through the second law of thermodynamics (as popularly stated) having been made true.

Let us quote once again from the *Gîta*, and then draw the moral and the lesson for ourselves. "Beings are nourished by food, food is produced by rain, rain comes from sacrifice. . . . He who, sinfully delighting in the gratification of his passions, doth not cause this wheel, thus already set in motion, to continue revolving, liveth in vain, O son of Pritha."

In actual fact the end of men and nations comes very much as we have fancied might come the end of the world. From the dark depths of the lower nature, released by selfishness and lust and greed, there spreads a film that shuts out the action of the spiritual sun and air. There are no longer those who hear the call to self-transcendence and who respond to it, in the heroic self-abnegation that rises above nature to supernature. The cycle, "already set in motion", is not continued; and the man or nation, living thus "in vain", ceases soon to live at all.

There is nothing, in all the worlds or all of life, more important than the continuance of this cycle,—for it is life itself. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Who are they that lift the gifts again, that they may again descend to nourish and sustain mankind?

The Theosophical Movement exists for the maintenance of this cycle. As it has received, so must it give back,—or else fail, and betray both the Masters who founded it and the world for which it was founded. It is only from the surface of the sea that evaporation can take place. It is said that in its ceaseless motion every particle in the ocean is lifted for a time to the surface, into contact with the light and air, and then, if it fail to respond to them, sinks again into the depths. But to each comes its moment of opportunity to yield itself to the drawing of the sun, and to rise free into the heavens.

H.B.M.

WINTER THOUGHTS

Seek emptiness of self. Seek stillness.
All things manifest themselves and then return.
When the plant has blossomed, it returns to the root.
The return to the root is called stillness.—TAO-TEH-KING.

ALL night long the snow fell. This morning it lies deep on the fields. The branches of the apple trees are outlined heavily with white, and seem covered with blossoms as by some miraculous flowering such as we read of in the lives of the saints. How silent it is! The silence can be felt, thick, heavy like a pall of white velvet, like a robe of ermine. One can, indeed, hear the thin, sharp sound of icicles cracking on the eaves, and the snapping and rustle of the fire on the hearth; sounds like delicate embroideries upon the rich mantle, like beads of foam upon the depths.

The earth is buried, the brooks are frozen, the black branches are bare. But no! as I look out of the window, I see upon the lilac twigs small tight buds already swelling, persistent, fed by the continuing sap of life, and under all this pall of snow the earth is full of roots and seeds and living fires. In the silence and withdrawal there is the most intense concentration, the greatest activity. Deep in the atom all the potentialities and forms are gathered.

If one could see into the mineral, one would be dazzled by concentrated fire. If one's gaze could penetrate the dark mould into the tiny bulb of the crocus, one would see an alembic of forces, a laboratory of transformations. In its miniature cycle from bulb to saffron cup, one can look upon the rhythm of the universe, pralaya and manvantara, inbreathing and outbreathing, nirvana and manifestation, induction and deduction, winter and summer, and life and death united in continuous being. But conscious immortality is not yet born in the plant. Conscious immortality is a work of art, the "Great Work".

Looking out upon this "infinite eloquence in silence", I remember a magnificent Japanese painting of the thirteenth century, which represents a Buddha, white and luminous, sitting upon a white lotus. His hands are joined in the gesture signifying his intention of revealing Truth. He is surrounded by an orb of pure white flame.

"Is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of Autumn, has put forth luminous beams? Or is it the embodied presence of Light that is sitting on yonder seat?"

This is Maha-Vairochana, the Great Illuminator, represented in the art of Shingon Buddhism in the Mandalas of the Diamond Cycle, "the cycle of divinities constituting the spiritual substratum". In his book, *Buddhist Art in its Relation to Buddhist Ideals*, Anesaki says:

The Diamond Cycle, illustrating the spiritūal aspect of the universe, is a graphic representation of the emanation and gradual evolution of the indestructible prototypes

or eternal ideas, from the Great Illuminator. It contains nine squares which together make up the centre and eight petals of the lotus, the heart of the material world. . . . Thus the central square, the source of all mental activities, contains five circles. The central circle, in turn, contains five Buddhas in meditation (Dhyani Buddha) and their attendants, and the central Buddha is the Great Illuminator, the heart of hearts. These five circles are inclosed within a large circle, and the whole represents the profound contemplation in which all truths of the material and spiritual worlds are fully realized. The rectangular border enclosing these circular groups is two-fold: in the inner one are gathered the thousand Buddhas who have appeared as leaders of mankind in the different world periods; and the outer one is studded with various gods of nature and the Hindu Pantheon, such as the Sun, the Moon, Brahmâ, Indra, etc. These are intended to signify that, as leaders of men and gods, they are the manifestations of one and the same cosmic soul, and may be companions to the souls of those who live in harmony with the cosmic life and in communion with the Great Illuminator.

This conception, surely, provides a subject for endless meditations.

In what profound isolation and remoteness of contemplation is this Being plunged! Surrounded as he is by the Dhyanis and the great circle of spiritual radiation, he would seem to us beyond all the worlds. That quiet can endure for ages or for ever. What can move that immobility, or be heard within that silence? And yet the ear of the Great Illuminator is listening to every sound of woe. Even in that contemplation he is the heart of hearts, and the slightest motion of the heart is present with him. Like Krishna, with a part of himself he creates the universe, yet remains separate. Without interrupting his contemplation, the ray of his compassion, thus evoked, passes through the Dhyani Buddhas and the Bodhisattvas and the gods and their servants until, in the paintings, down at the bottom, in this world, we see the contemplative sage or devoted petitioner ministered to by some being who can speak to his condition. For men do not speak personally to Maha-Vairochana, but to his manifestations.

Innumerable are the aspects in manifestation of Maha-Vairochana, the Great Illuminator, and one of them which might be found hard to recognize as such, superficially, is the terrible Achala. This dark and frightful being, surrounded by flames, bears the rope and the sword. He is the fierce wrath which hates vice and punishes iniquity. His name is Immobile, for nothing can cause his hatred of evil to swerve or to cease. He is like Shiva, that appalling figure of destruction, many-armed, dancing on the bodies of his victims the dance of death.

We witness with equanimity the death of the plants in the winter, knowing their death is but a sleep, and that they will return with the cycling seasons. We bear with regret the death of animals. Once, sitting upon a rock in the woods, I saw the combat to the death of a small bird and a Lunar moth. The moth was as large as the bird. Its pale green wings beat frantically. The bird attacked it with a ferocity horrible to witness. Back and forth they fluttered until the moth fell to the ground, still faintly moving its tattered wings. The bird dashed down to give it the final *coup de grace* with its sharp beak.* I sat there motionless. Should I rescue the injured moth and rob the bird of its prey? Is not this strife a law of the cycle in which bird and moth are evolving? The moth dies. Other Lunar moths, like pale jade leaves, will be born to flutter

about in the night. And what becomes of the tiny soul of that moth? Does it pass into a Devachan of moonlit gardens to await its re-incarnation? Or is there only an undifferentiated spark of Lunar mothishness?

And man himself—how seldom do we think of it, but every man, woman and child we see, must die. All these crowds of people, thousands of them, millions of them, must die. Sooner, or later? Now, in the midst of their occupations or play, struck down suddenly without mercy? Soon, of some long lingering malady? Surrounded by friends and comforts, or alone and unaided? Yes, inevitably, they die, they breathe their last breath and the deserted corpse returns to the elements. The whole earth is full of the dust of the bones of the countless dead, like one vast necropolis, and all the plants are formed from their corruption. Looking about, one seems to see that ghastly *Danse Macabre* which haunted the imagination of the fifteenth century, carved upon its buildings, painted upon its bridges, engraved in its books, where Kings, Emperors, Popes, Knights, Burghers and serfs and lovely ladies, alike, are pursued by grimacing skeletons armed with hour-glass and scythe. We shudder and cry, "In the Hour of Death and in the Day of Judgment, Good Lord deliver us."

Here there rises before our anguished gaze the calm figure of the Bodhisattva Kshiti-garbha, the Merciful Helper of the Dead. He "visits the subterranean worlds where doomed spirits are suffering. He carries in his hand a pilgrim's staff provided at the top with jingling rings which serve to arouse the spirits in agony to the presence of an all-embracing mercy, and in his left hand he holds a jewel symbolizing the inexhaustible richness of bliss and wisdom with which he liberally endows all the destitute. He appears most frequently as a monk, his shaved head encircled by a radiant halo; and wherever he goes there spring up lotus flowers beneath his feet." This Being reminds us of the Triumphant Christ of the Anastasis, whom we see especially in the work of the virile Byzantine school, bearing a blood-red double cross, standing upon the fallen gates of Hell.

Another aspect of the Great Illuminator is Kwan-Yin, or Kwannon, Avalokiteshvara in its benign aspect of creator and preserver of the souls of men. There are innumerable representations of Kwannon both in its male and female aspects. All the *blanc de chine* figures of a goddess with an infant, are Kwannon. There are countless pictures of her, clothed in white, with a great moonlike halo, sitting in a rocky, mountain solitude beside the waters of a stream, or sunk in contemplation on some crag beside the sea; for Kwannon is the Mother of Waters. Looking long at these paintings one seems to enter into Nature itself, to hear the Great Tone, the Kung, the Voice of the Silence.

Kwannon is the Mother of our Souls, and created us in silence and in that brooding meditation. There is a beautiful painting by a modern Japanese artist, Kano Hogai, which represents her standing in the heavens, crowned with jewels and flowers. In one hand she holds a sprig of willow, and in the other a vase from which she pours forth the water of life. She looks with compassion at an infant soul which, enclosed in a crystal globe like a bubble, is floating down to incarnation among the crags and precipices of the world. The tiny soul clasps its hands in worship and lifts its head to look back at her as it departs.

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

All these symbols and images are telling us the same truth; the essential oneness of all things. The heart of the Great Illuminator pervades the universe, flowing out in infinite compassion through every atom, and returning to its source through the consciousness of creatures, men, gods, Bodhisattvas and Buddhas. One being sustains all and resolves the dualities of the poles, the oscillations of life and death, winter and summer. This being is our being and in it lies our immortality.

But we do not know it. We are not self-conscious in it. Our consciousness, fastened instead upon the transitory forms of this world, identifies itself with them. Where, when the body disintegrates, shall we go? How, when the world is scattered in sparks, *solvet sæclum in favilla*, shall we arise? Therefore, when we sink down to the root we fall into a profound sleep. We "die", for we carry with us no awareness of the consciousness of those worlds: we hear nothing in the absolute silence: we are blind in the darkness of pure light. It is said that each night in deep sleep our "higher principles", our essential life and spirit, return to the divine world; but upon awakening we bring back to the mind no memory of that world because we have no images with which to clothe it, no cells which vibrate to its rhythm. Therefore we die. How shall we bridge over this chasm of death? How live through that dark sleep? How remain awake and self-conscious at the root of being?

First, we must have faith. We must feel sure that the spiritual world is real, and that our life is a part of that Divine Life. Then, we must endeavour to see and understand the spiritual life in order to embody it. How shall we do this? We must gaze intently into Nature until we begin to see the creative forces which mould it and the laws which sustain it. We must look within our heart, for there we shall find, no matter how obscured by ignorance and false conceptions, the centre of our being which is the One Self. We must contemplate that Higher Self. By contemplating intently, with sympathy and without prejudices, any object or creature, we penetrate its secret. When we brood upon an idea, thoughts come to us, not from our own mind, but from it, as though we were reading a book. If we be convinced that the Divine World exists and is embodied by the Buddhas and the Masters, we can contemplate them as we can any other object, and gradually come to share their consciousness. I suppose that if we really tried it we should find it very simple, for it is following the law of our nature. The *Tao-Teh-King* says:

Those of old, the Masters of the Way, were detached and subtile. So deep were they, that men knew them not. . . . They were circumspect as he who crosses a torrent in winter. They were alert as he who fears those about him. They were reserved as a guest. They were self-effacing as melting ice. They were natural as uncarved wood. They were lovely as a valley. They were impenetrable as troubled water. Who can

make the troubled clear? By stillness it will become clear. Who can bring life to birth? In quietude it will come to birth.

One often fancies that if one could imitate the Chinese "Men of the Mountains", the sages who retire to a hermitage on some remote peak, one could listen to the stillness, be saturated by it and become one with it. A civilization can be judged by the noises that it makes. In that case, our own is a hell. *Quivi sospiri, pianti, e alti guai.* But we cannot go away to the deserts and solitudes. We have to remain in our hell. We have to strain our ears for the tinkling rings upon the staff of Kshiti-garbha. We have to open our eyes to see the flashing of the jewel of Wisdom. We have to discover in darkness as in a deep mine the one life in the germ, in the root, enduring through all manifestations, Being itself.

Heaven and earth endure. If they endure, it is because they live not for themselves. It is because of this that they endure.

So the Master puts himself after others, yet remains the first. He is detached from his body, yet conserves his body. Is it not because he has no desires for himself, that all his desires are fulfilled?

The leaves turn sere with the frost, and fall to the ground. The leaves and flowers of personal attachments will be withered by the winter. The true life of the tree returns to the root. So the sage will know that all the appearances of personal life are temporary, and will not identify himself with them. In the unity of all being, nothing belongs to one little person alone. But we, seeing these leaves fall and flowers fade, shrink as before death, because, indeed, we shall die there personally. Only that within our consciousness which is one with the one heart and life, can endure in the withdrawal to the root. But that consciousness, paradoxically, is all Consciousness, Being and Bliss.

Shankara Acharya says: "Of pure Goodness the qualities are grace, experience of the true Self, supreme quietude of heart, acceptance, joy, a resting in the supreme Self, whereby is attained the essence of being and bliss."

Winter does not last for ever. Spring will come. In the withdrawal to the root, forces have been gathered up which will burst out into luxuriant foliage and lovelier blossoms, where one may see embodied the forms contained in the divine thought. I look out upon the snow in the orchard and I remember another Chinese painting. From a cloud-topped crag a great stream is falling down among the rocks into a quiet pool. On the edge of the pool stands a Sage, looking up at the great pine which hangs across the gorge. Mingled with its dark branches are the delicate blossoms of a peach tree. One seems to hear the roar of the water, to see the deep pool, to breathe the mountain air. It was when he accidentally saw this scene that Ling-yün had a realization of the truth of Zen, the realization of the oneness of all, and he wrote this poem:

For thirty years I have been in search of the swordsman;
Many a time I have watched the leaves decay and the branches shoot.
Ever since I saw for once the peaches in bloom
Not a shadow of a doubt do I cherish!

SAUVAGE.

VANITY, THE DEEP-ROOTED

MADAME Blavatsky has said that vanity is the last of man's faults to be overcome on the path of discipleship. That would seem to stamp vanity as one of man's primary, or parent, faults; and suggests the possibility that it may be traced back to the beginning of man's descent into matter, or that it might, even, antedate his fall and actually be one of its causes. It is logical to suppose that what man acquired first, he will lose last; for he, himself, must earn his own salvation, retracing upward, step by step, the path of his descent. The good law would be neither compassionate nor just unless it required man, himself, thoroughly to discharge each fault of his making. Vanity, this primary, or parent, fault, must be watched for and conquered in its various forms and artifices on each plane of consciousness through which the disciple must pass on the way toward his goal: on the material plane, the psychic, and, finally, in even more subtile states of consciousness. For example, worldly ambition met and conquered, may lead to an intense hunger for inner growth; and that overcome, he may, in turn, meet the same foe in a more subtle guise—decked out as a feeling of self-satisfaction, or a sense of superiority at having advanced some few paces inwardly.

It is in this latter guise, a sense of superiority, more than in any other, perhaps that vanity has caused aspirants to discipleship to desert their Ideal, embodied in the first stated object of The Theosophical Society; and in so deserting, to fail to become part of the nucleus needed to raise the consciousness of Humanity nearer the level of the consciousness of the Lodge. Unless taken in hand immediately and expelled definitely, the virus of such a sense of superiority will result in aspirants, first, considering themselves, and, later, believing themselves, to be better qualified to perform certain branches of the work than are those to whom that same work has been assigned. It will lead them to ignore completely the fact that others receive such assignments because of their spiritual prerogative to them. When one enlists in the ranks of aspirants to discipleship, one enlists, as well, as an aspirant to a place in the Divine Hierarchy, and becomes subject to the rules and conditions of that Eternal Brotherhood. One of the conditions imposed on him is that he relinquish what most men tenaciously prize: all personal rights. Divine rights will be his, but only if earned in accordance with divine law. He must lose his life, *this life*, not theoretically, but literally, if he would become an inheritor of life abundant.

A glance through history will show what an insidious and persistent foe to progress vanity has been. Because of it, dynasties have fallen, empires have crumbled, and blooms of civilizations have withered, which otherwise might have flourished and have brought man nearer to the day of his spiritual regeneration. Yet, with such a background as a warning, man permits, even aids, the spread of this virus in the world to-day.

Broadly speaking, the sway of vanity in the world is due to two diverse attitudes of man toward life, which correspond respectively to two of the three *gunas* or powers of nature: *Tamas*, inertia; *Rajas*, activity. Indifference is the attitude of those who belong to what may be termed the *Tamas* group; those who, aware of the presence and the dangerous character of vanity, yet are too lazy or too smug to undertake an issue with it. To the *Rajas* group belong those who decidedly are pleased with vanity and cater to it. Both these groups aid in spreading the virus, the former by not combating it because of their negative attitude toward it; the latter in positively encouraging its spread through insistently catering to it. It makes a good prop for their worldly pride and ambition.

Furthermore, to-day the all-powerful sway of vanity is aided, either negatively or positively, by the attitude taken toward life by certain exponents of religion, philosophy and science. Many of the clergy, for example, are too inclined to preach of the right of every man to a job of his liking, at a wage adequate to his comfort, and with leisure time for his pleasure. They invite man to indulge his inclinations. These preachers directly pander to man's vanity by strengthening the hold of what he considers his birthright: that he has a personal right to make certain demands upon life. The fact is, life owes no man anything, whereas all men owe life everything; the more so, because man has misused life's bountiful gifts, has neglected the opportunities she has placed before him, perverted her force to his own ends, and altogether has made vain and empty, what should be full of purpose and principle. It is only what is honestly and diligently earned that leads to wholesome and proper enjoyment. Empty work spells empty leisure. Empty days spell empty nights. Carried farther, an empty life means an empty death, which, in turn, leads to an empty heaven. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Generally speaking, the philosophers and scientists of the day are too inclined to write *at* their subjects instead of *from within* them. They write too much as one who, standing at the far end of an art gallery, might describe in cold and intellectual terms a painting which portrays a scene not intimately connected with his own experience. This, too, is catering to man's vanity, for it gives the student of science and philosophy the feeling of being a creature whose right it is to stand apart from the Universe, view it from his own personal point of view, and make subject to debate what he personally does not like about it. In other words, the tendency of such philosophers and scientists is to keep man functioning on the material plane, on the plane of his lower mind; to keep him looking down instead of up; and thus he is led no nearer to a true conception of Reality. There are exceptions, of course, as there are among the clergy, but most philosophers and scientists to-day refuse to take seriously the extant works of the early philosophers and alchemists, works which not only postulate a fundamental Unity of all things in the Universe, the great and the small, the high and the lowly, but which were written by men who attest, in glowing and living language, to a direct knowledge of the existence of that Unity; men who

wrote *from within* their subject, who had learned to know through having effected the unity of their own natures, and by applying the doctrine of correspondences.

"Saith the Great Law: 'In order to become the KNOWER of ALL SELF, thou hast first of *self* to be the knower'." It is that time-honoured and time-tested doctrine which was revived for the world during the last quarter of the nineteenth century by Madame Blavatsky; by her who said that vanity is the last of man's faults to be overcome on the path of discipleship. It seems clear, then, that all earnest seekers after discipleship should turn for guidance to the inspired records left by the sages of old; records which, if conscientiously followed, must be calculated to rid man eventually of vanity, the deep-rooted fault, as he approaches nearer and nearer to his goal through his increasing knowledge of *self;* and, by properly applying the doctrine of correspondences, to disassociate himself from *Tamas*, inertia, and from the misuse of *Rajas*, activity; associating himself with the higher aspects of the latter power. It is *Rajas*, misused, that caused his fall and is helping to keep him in his fallen state. It is *Rajas*, rightly used, that will result in his regeneration, that will enable him to work through, and to rid himself of, the various ramifications of the primary, or parent, fault of vanity, as he meets them on the path toward his goal.

Let us turn, then, to a section of one of the records left by the sages of old, to the first section of *Light on the Path*, and see what we find there that will help man to learn to know himself; let us apply, at the same time, the doctrine of correspondences.

In this section there are certain rules set down for the guidance of those who would attain to discipleship. Aside from the unquestioned enlightenment to be gained by studying any such set of rules as a whole, added light may be obtained, often, by considering them in some different and definite series. The twenty-one numbered rules of this section immediately suggest a series composed of numbers one, seven, and fourteen—leaving number twenty-one to be considered as the synthesis of the series, as it is of the section taken as a whole. Briefly to indicate what such study may uncover, we find: 1, "Kill out ambition"; 7, "Kill out hunger for growth"; and 14, "Desire peace fervently". From the viewpoint of the fault under discussion, the first rule is applicable to a material aspect of vanity; the seventh to a psychic aspect, one that is of a more interior nature; while fourteen specifies something that should be done both during and following the killing-out process, for as man puts something out he must, simultaneously, put something in, otherwise he lays himself open to seven devils worse than the first. Rule fourteen has another significance: it acts to prevent a still more subtle form of vanity than that covered by the first two rules under consideration; if applied, it excludes any sense of superiority. It would be impossible to entertain a sense of superiority while desiring fervently the kind of peace which this rule advocates.

What is that peace? This question leads us to the examination of the longer, or explanatory, rules in the section under consideration, and sets up a series

complementary to our first series: numbers four, eight (twice four), and sixteen (twice eight).

This second series is complementary to the first in that it gives the seeker after discipleship a correspondence to use as a working pattern; namely, the flower. Says rule number 4, "Seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it. . . . Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal. This giant weed cannot flower there." Rule number 8, "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal." Rule number 16, "The peace you shall desire is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons." So we are led to rule twenty-one as the synthesis: "Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm: not till then." This synthetic rule goes on to speak of "the mysterious event" which will occur to "prove that the way has been found". "Call it by what name you will, it is a voice that speaks where there is none to speak—it is a messenger that comes, a messenger without form or substance; or it is the flower of the soul that has opened."

Without worldly ambition, without hunger for growth, without a sense of superiority, the germ of life in the flower seed pushes steadily toward its fulfilment in the scheme of evolution. When, in the nature of things, it should bud, it does. When it should bloom, it does. When it should unfold in the full effulgence of its beauty, it does. Following the doctrine of correspondences, it should be clear to the aspirant for discipleship that *Rajas*, the quality which has driven his roots down into material life, is also the quality which, as the *Rajas* of vanity becomes the *Rajas* of pure aspiration, will push him upward toward the Light, against the day "be with us".

G. M. W. K.

Egoism is the identification of the seer with the instrument of seeing.—Book of Memories.

When you pray, "Thy kingdom come", you either want it to come or you don't. If you don't, you should not pray for it. If you do, you must more than pray for it—you must live for it.—Ruskin.

WITHOUT CENSOR

I

HOW often do we hear it said, "Oh, that was a long time ago, that was before the War". How often, in thinking back, in making our own calculations based on the passage of time, do we set for ourselves the War as the arbitrary starting point in time for all events, both inner and outer, which have real meaning for us? There is nothing remarkable or astonishing in this. On the contrary, it is the most natural thing possible. For if those who merely lived through the War, date time from its beginning, those who had any part, however insignificant, in the events themselves, could do nothing else. For them, life itself, and all real understanding and feeling and growth, came as a result of the intensity, of the vivid fullness of those war years. For them, everything before the War seems hopelessly overlaid by preoccupation with trivial and unworthy interests, by inertia and apathy, by a complete absorption in false values. Then came a setting-free, gradual at first, becoming more and more complete as one gave more fully, a freedom that was never again lost in the years afterwards. For those years, rightly understood, have been but a continuation of the War, and the irresistible march of events, the unrelenting pressure of conditions, would have been indeed difficult to bear without that freedom and detachment gained as a result of war experience.

For those who served in the armed forces, all this was doubly true. The break with previous circumstances and surroundings and manner of living was more drastic and final, and, as a consequence, the setting free and the detachment were fuller and more complete. So, too, was the opportunity which presented itself. For the determination to sacrifice self, to forego comfort and to accept hardship as something to be desired; the effort to function continuously on a permanently higher level of ability and efficiency in the most real sense; the desire to eliminate personal considerations, to co-ordinate all one's powers with the general plan, to identify one's self solely with the purpose of the High Command in however humble a capacity,—all these things seemed definitely susceptible of attainment in the freedom of this new life and under the stimulus of rapidly moving events. Thinking about it makes one long to recapture the fervour of those days. Yet, is the fervour lost? I do not think that it is. Rather do I believe that it has been definitely woven into the fabric of our being, and if it seems to-day less exuberant, it is because it has become definitely a part of us. We are not now swept off our feet by it, because we have trained ourselves, in some measure at least, to use it consciously, and for the same purpose,—that the plan of the High Command may go through.

For one who was in the Army, it is a privilege indeed to be able to set down in the pages of the QUARTERLY the impressions and memories of those vivid days. It is a pleasure, too, for now one can forget the Censor. It was not possible in

the American Expeditionary Forces to keep a diary, even if there had been time to do so, for General Orders were very strict on this point, as they were also in regard to what could be put in letters. Names of military units and places and dates could not be associated in a letter, for obvious reasons. Nothing could be said in regard to the character or extent of the operations in which one was engaged, or of probable future movements, for fear that, through the name of the writer, the unit to which he was attached, and its position, could be identified, either then or later. This did not leave very much to write about in the way of description of one's immediate surroundings and activities. The state of one's health, and the state of the weather, and the relation of each to the other, were absorbing topics, and figured largely. One could not even mention other officers, especially high ranking officers, by name, beyond saying that one had seen them, for fear that that might give something away. Letters home, therefore, were highly unsatisfactory as a record of events; they merely told that you were still alive. I remember receiving from Mr. Griscom in July, 1918, a letter in which he expostulated with me on this score, and said, in regard to two or three of my letters,—"Your veneration for the censor has effectually prevented their being as exciting and interesting as I am sure they might have been without overstepping the bounds of what is permissible." I remember, with overweening vanity, congratulating myself, upon receipt of this, that obviously I was very effectively doing my duty, and adhering strictly to orders. But vanity shortly afterward had a fall, as it always does. For in writing to Paris, a letter much more likely to be opened and censored than one going home, I apparently had a sudden and complete breakdown of all mental faculties, and headed it, Headquarters First Army Corps, Fère-en-Tardenois, August 10th, 1918, giving everything away at once. Blissfully unconscious of what I had just done, I was talking with the officer next me at mess that evening, and found that he was greatly upset because he had just heard that an intimate friend, an officer of great promise, had recently associated units, places and dates in a letter; that the letter had been opened by the Censor, a General Court-Martial had been held, and his friend had been sent back to the United States in disgrace. Like a flash I remembered what I had just done. I sat down at once, and wrote my friend in Paris, beseeching him to let me know at once whether or not he had safely received my letter. Shortly afterward, I was moved about the front from place to place, and as a result received no letters from anyone for several weeks, during which time I lost sleep and weight, but continued to write at intervals, making the same inquiry. What I had come to regard as a permanent agony of apprehension was finally relieved by a word from my friend, who said that my letter had safely arrived, and that it had only required a glance at it to see why he had received more letters from me in six weeks, than he ever had in his life before.

But even if the Censor had been less strict, letters home, certainly those to family and friends who were outside the Theosophical Movement, would still have been subject to another kind of self-imposed censorship. For it would not have been possible to put into them what one really felt and thought in terms of Theosophy. Now, all censor's restrictions of whatever kind are removed, and

it is possible here to try to set down the real significance, beneath the surface of outer events, of what one saw and heard; to give one's impressions, for what they may be worth, of motive and conduct, in terms of our common motive and aspiration; and even in the narrative of military events and movements, and of trivial happenings, to feel that they may, perhaps, contain more of real interest and significance than they could to others who are without the common understanding and purpose which is ours.

Even to some members of The Theosophical Society, realization of what the War was all about, of what it could and should mean in the way of opportunity, came slowly. All my life I had felt a complete lack of interest in anything to do with military affairs. I had regarded the National Guard in peace time as merely playing at soldiering, and had kept out of it. I remember very well one afternoon in the winter of 1915, when I was having tea at Mr. Griscom's house in Washington Square, that he asked me whether I had considered the great need there would be for men in the Army *when* the United States got into the War, and how I felt about it. I remember replying at once to the effect that the thought did not interest me at all, that there were plenty of younger men to go, and that it would only be the last call of the draft that would get me in. Mr. Griscom just smiled, a smile full of wisdom and kindness and understanding, and said nothing further at the time.

Somewhat to my surprise, therefore, I found myself a year from the following June at one of the Citizens' Military Training Camps at Plattsburgh. A great deal of education and awakening had been going on inside in the interval. If there had not been, there would not have been any possible excuse; for those of us who were so fortunate as to be near the Headquarters of the Movement in New York had had their attention constantly directed during those intervening months to the real purpose and meaning of war, and of this War in particular. The superb sacrifice, the supreme courage and heroism of the French, their splendid fighting qualities, their unity and singleness of purpose as a nation, had all aroused emotions which stirred one to the depths. More and more strong grew the feeling of shame and disgrace that we in the United States should let these people, and the English, fight our battles for us, in a war which we should have been in at once as a matter of principle. With this came increasingly the desire to do whatever could be done to arouse our people from their inertia and love of peace at any price, to a right national feeling. There came the conviction that, if the right kind of men stirred themselves in the right way, much more could be done by example than by mere words. Some of my friends had been the originators of what later came to be called the Plattsburgh Movement, and, with the help of Major-General Wood, had made a great success of the Citizens' Camps on Lake Champlain through spending freely of their own private funds to supplement Government aid. It is unquestionably true that, without their effort, without the experience gained and the enthusiasm engendered by the Citizens' Military Training Camps of 1915 and 1916, it would not have been possible to officer our draft Army in the following year as rapidly as it was done. So, while my principles and feelings in regard to the War were becoming in-

creasingly sound and clear, the conscious motive back of my decision to go to Plattsburgh was mainly to do what I could to help these friends whose effort I admired, to assist in arousing the country to the necessity of preparedness for any later eventuality, although it was still thought, even then, that the War would in all likelihood be over before our intervention could come. Certainly, I had no thought or expectation then of any future Army experience beyond that one summer month on Lake Champlain.

The June Camp of 1916 was known afterward as the Wet Camp, because of the torrential and constant rains during the first ten days. We were under canvas, and encamped on the shore of Lake Champlain at the bottom of a hill. The rain poured down the hillside and through the Camp in rivers, and the earth floors of the tents were speedily converted into mud a foot deep. We spent much of those first days in digging trenches and gullies through the tents, to connect with similar excavations in the Company streets, which led in their turn to the Lake, where we felt that all this water rightly belonged. It was most soothing to fall asleep at night with the sound of a gurgling brook within a foot or two of one's head. Finally, General Wood appeared on a trip of inspection, and after one glance at the situation, fearing for the health of the men, he gave orders that the Camp should be moved to the top of the hill, beside a pine wood where the soil was dry and sandy. There our lot was much improved. Many of the men, like myself, had had no previous military experience, and their ages ran all the way from the early twenties to the middle fifties. The training had, therefore, to be planned with these facts in mind. The physical work, while intensive, was never too hard. The military training was elementary, with plenty of close order drill, route marching on the road, and some shooting on the sub-calibre rifle range. The event of the Camp came at the end, when all concerned went on a week's hike, pitching camp each night with shelter tents, with army cooks to prepare the food. On the march, as if in the presence of the enemy, there was training in scouting and patrolling, and more than once, under simulated combat conditions, the command deployed, and taking cover in the fields, fired blank ammunition to their heart's content: a wisely ordered and thought-out plan, in view of the conditions, and the result which it was desired to attain. The men, of all ages, enjoyed it, and had a thoroughly good time. But there was much serious conversation about the War, and the likelihood of our going in. The strictest sort of military discipline was enforced at all times, and this, together with the departure of a number of National Guard officers about the middle of the month for the Mexican Border, made one and all realize that, over the real enjoyment of the experience, hung something sombre and menacing,—the shadow of war.

It was an elementary experience, but it was enough. For to taste military life once, even to that extent, was to arouse something unforgettable, something reminiscent. It was more than feeling physically absolutely well all of the time. There was a spontaneous and complete acquiescence in the rightness of the system, in the wisdom of the manner in which things in general were ordered. An Esprit de Corps had come into being in a few days, and had grown with the

life of the Camp. Afterward, in thinking over the experience, in talking about it with others, the character of this Esprit de Corps changed, was transferred as it were from the Camp which we had attended as a centre, to the larger centre of the Army as a whole, or as much of it as we knew anything about at that time. Ignorant as we all were of military details, there was something strangely familiar about it all. Yet not strange at all, really; for, perhaps, the strings of deep-hidden memories had been touched, and, from far back in the past, recollection of military service in other lands and in other lives was stirring. Somehow, one felt "at home" again in the life. Behind and beyond all this, there was something more. The military life, the military order, seemed, of all human institutions, to be the nearest in its forms and essence to the spiritual hierarchy, to the life and order of the spiritual world. It called for the same heroic qualities, courage, self-sacrifice, obedience not only to the letter but to the spirit. To excel, to serve most effectively, called, too, for intelligent and understanding obedience. To one striving for chêlaship, it revealed in many respects the ways in which things could and should be done in daily life and living, in order to contribute to the fulfilment of that aim and purpose. It brought understanding of ways and methods not before understood. It brought a great desire, and a resolve, to co-operate to the fullest with them, to efface self utterly in the effort to further the great work of those just men made perfect to whom we had given our oath of fealty. The growing feeling of Esprit de Corps for the Army was producing a greater growth, which, in its turn, was focussing the attention back again on the Army, as something which it was going to be helpful to know more about, as something which might, perhaps, afford a great opportunity in the truest and deepest sense.

The result, therefore, of that month on the shores of Lake Champlain, was the arousing of real enthusiasm for things military. In the autumn and winter of 1916-1917, I attended, with a number of other men, a series of military talks and lectures given in the evenings by a Regular Army officer at one of the Public Schools in New York. We took notes, and read at home the various books indicated, and quite frequently met together at each other's homes to talk things over. We did not really learn a great deal; it was a slow and cumbersome method, but it fanned our growing enthusiasm and kept it burning. It is neither possible nor desirable, within the limits of an article such as this, to try to remind the reader of the course of world events at that time, or of the progress of the War itself. Suffice it to say, that it was obviously no longer a question as to whether we would go in, it was only a question of when we should do so. This once clearly determined, it became a problem of what one was going to do about it, of where one's duty lay. Not so easy to decide, in spite of all the time one had had in which to think of it, for there were many pressing claims and duties and complications, as there always are when an important decision has to be made. Thinking about it constantly, was doing no good. Obviously, one would have to arrive at what was right in an entirely different way.

On Good Friday, 1917, the day on which the United States declared war, I attended the Three Hour Service at the Church of which I was a regular member.

In one of the interludes in the service, the congregation sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", sang it with a feeling, with a solemnity, with an understanding, a gladness and a hope, which stirred one past belief,—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

As the sounding cadence of the hymn rolled on, problem after problem fell away, uncertainty after uncertainty was removed.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea."

He *is* being born again, day after day, overseas, in the hearts of men, in the sublime beauty of self-sacrifice and wounds and death. With Him are our Elder Brothers, his Brothers. We have been told so. They want *men*.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!"

That is it. Why delay when He calls? Swift and immediate response. That is all that matters. Nothing else counts. Everything will be taken care of. It is right. Be swift, my feet, and jubilant. It is joy that is the keynote. No more doubt. The decision is made.

CENTURION.

(*To be continued.*)

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance.—SHARP.

Between the past which escapes us, and the future of which we are ignorant, there is the present where lies our duty.—DE GASPARIN.

ASPECTS OF A WHIRLPOOL'S MEANING

SEVERAL years ago I used to pass a large, round, water tank as it was being emptied each day. Floating on the surface of the water were many particles of dust. As soon as the outlet was opened, some of the particles moved immediately, as though by their own volition, to a point directly over the outlet. They seemed to "expect" something. A funnel-shaped whirlpool soon formed with its narrow end at the bottom of the tank. As the speed of its revolution increased, others of the particles slowly moved toward the whirlpool, impelled, and drawn, seemingly by some external force. Touching the outer circle of the swirling spiral, some of them were caught up, and, with accelerating speed, passed gradually in ever-decreasing circles toward the apex. Other particles, touching the outer circle, were repelled by the force of the spiral movement, even though at first attracted by it. But the force of attraction was not lost. It was only overcome temporarily by the power of an opposite and, for the moment, a relatively stronger force. Returning again and again, those particles were finally caught up, whirled round and down the spiral, and passed out of sight. Still others, entering the whirlpool, remained in relatively the same position, hurtling round and round till the whirlpool disappeared and the tank was empty.

Looking back now, it would seem that the dust particles which moved immediately to the locus of the whirlpool must have had many similar experiences in the past. They had probably been through the routine many times before. In retrospect, the spiral of the whirlpool assumes a semblance of the present outer expression of the Theosophical Movement. The particles of dust become men and women.

. . . . . .

In its own world the Theosophical Movement is a living body, and therefore its outer expression on this plane, The Theosophical Society, undergoes a progressive evolution. Like that of all evolving things, its path is a spiral. At each stage in its history (each turn in the spiral) new members have come in, attracted by the aspect of the Movement at that time. Have those new members moved, do they move, with the Society as it progresses, or do they remain, fixed in their circle and unconscious of their condition, at that point to which the Society had developed when they entered? Recently, in speaking of the T. S., it was said: "There is always and for ever an inner and yet an inner—granting that the outer is alive." Is it not, then, the privilege accorded to each member of the Society, and his duty, not only to keep alive the outer aspect of the Movement, but to progress toward the inner? And is it not true that the external can be kept alive only by fastening our attention on the Real and bringing it to birth

in us? If we can succeed in this, even to a slight degree, then we may be released from the single aspect of the Movement which attracted us, and advance toward those "inner" circles. Let us try, then, to find some of the means, some of the steps which, perhaps, may lead us to our goal.

Many times it has been emphasized that the basic principles of war, of occultism, and of business are identical. Of those fundamental principles, that of adaptability is primary. Cultivation of this faculty of adaptability will enable us to grow with the Movement's outer aspect and thereby keep both it and ourselves alive. In the QUARTERLY for April, 1913 (p. 380), the third Beatitude was quoted: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." It was pointed out that the word "meek" was derived from the Scandinavian, "and really meant something like elasticity, adaptability, the flame-like quality, which, if blocked at one point, seeks another way out and up." But adaptability has two aspects. It is more than merely sensing the need for change, which is an intellectual process. If we would use this faculty in our struggle along the Path, we must take the final step and express that change in our lives.

In the literature of the Movement it is possible to find many sentences, each one of which seems to express the essence of discipleship. Such a sentence is this: "Use every moment for the purposes of the Lodge." One feels that, were he able, if only partially, to do what the writer of that sentence recommends, the goal for which he seeks would be brought ever so much nearer. Realizing this, the young man, with all the impatience of youth, strains and drives for the *Ultima Thule* he so faintly glimpses. He overlooks the admonition to the effect that strain of any kind is bad. He forgets that the ability to use each moment for Lodge purposes is a product of growth; that it is not the work of a week or of a month, but of years, perhaps of lives. Is it not ignorance that leads him to think otherwise? And is there not a touch, just a slight touch, of vanity in the thought that, in his present condition, he could use *any* moment for the purposes of the Great Lodge, let alone *every* moment? Gradually one learns that the rule must be applied first to the present; that one must look into each new duty, as it comes to him, searching for its inner meaning—its real significance. Then, gathering these meanings together and making them an integral part of his nature, he moves on. At length the student realizes that by concentrating his attention on each present moment, he has been preparing himself to make good use of each moment in the future. Seldom, however, does he think that the past, too, has its lessons to teach; and that many past moments, which too often he thinks of as lost, can, as well, be used for inner growth and expansion. The past can be used not only in the negative sense of realizing our mistakes, but in the positive preparation for future action; in the careful planning of campaigns against a wily strategist who takes full advantage of every false step, of every miscalculation. And here again we find that, not only do we need a plan of campaign; not only is a realization of our need for change necessary: we need, too, the power to carry out that plan in action. By putting into practice that which we have planned, it may be that we shall be enabled to use a few of our moments for Lodge purposes.

Separating the realization from the action, however, there is a gap, and it is often a wide one. Can we not learn to shorten that gap; learn to take up the lag between perception and action? For, if we do learn that lesson, the more completely shall we have fitted ourselves for the Masters' work.

A very frequent question runs something like this: "Yes, I can see what I ought to do—but how does one *do* it?" In other words, how can one bridge the chasm that separates the perception from the action. Several years ago our professor of philosophy gave an assignment covering Spinoza's system of ethics. It was a very dry, very scholarly text-book. But embedded in a page of dry sand was this quotation from Spinoza: "*To understand a thing is to be delivered from it.*"

In the ordinary meaning of "understand"—intellectual realization—the statement seemed to present a hopeless case; for I well knew that one could, for instance, read about the "lurking whisperer", and intellectually realize the need for controlling him—but he still lurked, and he still whispered. So, disgusted with scholarly text-books, and Spinoza as well, I put the book aside and went for a walk around the campus.

It was pitch dark. Dormitories were unlighted and the campus walks deserted. But the stars were very bright, and they sparkled brilliantly in the cold, night air. All was still. The only "sound" that one could hear was the pulsing throb of the universal hymn. Over and over again the quotation came: "To understand a thing is to be delivered from it." What could Spinoza mean by "understand"? One need only look at his own experience to prove that intellectual perception is not enough for deliverance. Finally, Jules Payot's statement came to mind: "If we would weld an idea solidly and indestructibly to a desired action, . . . we should fuse them together by the heat of an emotion." Then the stars and the night sky seemed to whisper together that action comes only when the idea, and the whole tenor of the mind, is ennobled with love, with devotion, with gratitude to those Great Ones who already have travelled this long, and, sometimes we think, weary road.

To understand a thing does, then, mean deliverance from it, for true understanding is a synthesis of the powers of intellect, of heart, and of will. Is it not the sacrifice of inclinations and desires; a sacrifice assumed through devotion and gratitude, that gives power to climb the spiritual heights? Thus, if this principle of adaptability is to develop in us, three things are necessary: we must sense the need for change, fill our hearts with gratitude and devotion, and then, with the power engendered by a devoted, grateful heart, we must make that change apparent in our lives. And what is true of life on the physical plane, is equally true on the mental. Our mental moulds, too, must be changed if we are to keep in touch with the Movement's outer aspect as it changes and deepens.

Just as the Society has, from time to time, altered its note in the past, so will it continue to strike new notes in the future: it will continue to change and progress. Such is the law for all evolving things. Unless we, the younger and the newer members, keep ourselves alive by looking to the inner and cultivating the faculty of adaptability, we shall find, like the foolish virgins who neglected

to fill their lamps, that the door has been closed; that an entrance to the inner chamber has been denied us. Let us make no mistake, however. The denial comes, not from Those who guard the entrance, but from our own inability to grow and adapt ourselves to the outer Movement as it grows and deepens. Remember, too, that it is by making ourselves a part of the Movement that we are enabled to help in the Work.

The Christian Master has said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Not "I shall be with you", but "I am". For him, evidently, past, present, and future are one. Has it not often been suggested that the goal of the disciple is at-one-ment with his Master in will and consciousness? If so, then the aspirant for chêlaship cannot be content with living only in the present. He must learn to synthesize the past, the present, and the future, striving to prepare himself for life in the Eternal, "walking with measured tread the long, strait lane of Time", until finally, he sees the Path in all the freshness of a new perspective. At the beginning of the Way, in moments of quiet and calm, we sometimes hear the Master passing by. He calls to us, and lifting our eyes we see an upraised arm pointing back along the road we have travelled, to a mile-post we had failed to see. Is it not in these moments that we can learn most from a backward look? For then, when he is near, the old path is seen for what it is—a rutted, dirty road—and there is little danger of our becoming enamoured of it again. Instead, clarity and sharpness of outline result if, seeing with the light that shines from his eyes, we catch a glimpse of our past activities in the perspective which that light affords.

Can we not lift our eyes and see! So completely do we become engrossed in a mere suppression of the almost endless ramifications of the personality, that we fail to gain that sense of perspective so essential in this spiritual warfare. We lose sight of the fact that we are waging war for the Masters, not for ourselves. To a beginner on the Path it was said: "The lower self is like unto a many-spoked wheel, which thou art trying to control by encircling the tread with thine arms. Dear son, that cannot be. Stand apart, study the wheel, and thou wilt see that at the hub, with one hand, thou canst grasp all of the spokes, and thus control it. Using that wheel of thy nature as a shield, turning it as thou wilt, one hand is always free to help in the Masters' work. Look up, look up! See the light shining upon thee from thy Master's face, and slowly, but surely, thou wilt learn that he does not want thee to *die* for him, but to *live*. Keep burning in the citadel of thy heart that fire without which the spiritual life is as a closed and barren room. If thou hast it not, pray, ask thy Master to give thee but a spark that thou mayst tend it, and, fanning it to a consuming blaze of zeal, look always through his eyes. Then, one day, thou wilt arrive."

ROGER BRUCE.

AN IDEAL OF EDUCATION[1]

. . . In representing the student body at this Inaugural Ceremony, I sense that I have a certain duty to perform, inasmuch as I have been asked to express something of the attitude of the student group toward the educational policy of the past, the present, and the future. Obviously, it is impossible for me to voice the opinion of each and every student. But if I can bring to our new President, at least in part, the results of my various associations and friendships during the past few years, if I can give expression to the ideas I have gathered, both from talking with many of my own classmates and from my own studies, then I shall rest satisfied. . . .

There has been, particularly in the past few years, a new spirit upon this campus. More and more students have come here searching for something deeper and more significant than the practical courses in agriculture and the mechanic arts. . . . This new life, this re-birth, has brought with it various results. When Carlyle wrote, in *Sartor Resartus*, that all transition is ever full of pain, that "to attain his new beak, the eagle must harshly dash off the old one upon the rocks", he clothed in metaphor a great truth, and one which has been borne out on our own campus during the past few years. To some among us, this heightening and deepening of consciousness, this search for "life and more abundant life" in a world of subtiler values, has been a magnificent experience, and a realization of our own true natures. But those who have fought to widen the scope of this institution and to implant in the students a recognition of a higher and more real scale of values than a merely material one, have met opposition at many hands. There are still with us those who would make this what someone has so fittingly called a "sublimated trade-school", and who would crush out from the student the last spark of imagination, intuition, and insight.

It seems to be high time that out of the conflicting ideas and notions about education held by the various members of this college, we develop an ideal of education worthy of that high name.

Not training for citizenship, not preparation for a better job, not the acquisition of a degree, but the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is the true ideal of education. Nothing less than what Matthew Arnold, in his great work, *Culture and Anarchy*, has called the "pursuit of perfection", the desire "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world", and so to realize our true humanity, can be the all-sufficient motive for the pursuit of knowledge. So constituted is the human mind that in a study of philosophy, of the exact sciences, of the fine arts, we satisfy a direct need of our own natures. In the lives and thoughts of the best and wisest men who have lived here, we find

[1] Dr. Torrey has sent us the address of welcome—from which we give extracts—delivered by Alvan Ryan, President of the Student Senate, at the inauguration of a new College President. Dr. Torrey expresses the opinion, with which we agree, that such a statement of the ideal of education, by a young man of twenty, cannot fail to interest and encourage our readers.—EDITORS.

satisfaction for our desire for beauty, truth, and goodness, and in our response to their thoughts we come to realize that there is somehow a mysterious, though no less real, bond that unites all men. The ideal of the freeing of the human spirit from the shackles of sense, and the bonds of desire, hatred, and selfishness, is an ideal as old as humanity, yet one that is for ever new.

Although my own study and training at college has been primarily in the humanities, I am not one to say that a student cannot find that same beauty and truth in the exact sciences,—in physics, chemistry, biology, and so on—that I believe can be found in the liberal arts. It was only last year that a science professor on our own campus wrote: "Eternal truth, eternal beauty, and a law of perpetual transformation are writ plain upon the face of nature." If the youth in the college to-day can study the physical and biological sciences, and see beyond the mere factual material to their deeper meaning, if he can pursue his studies disinterestedly and dispassionately, attempting to interpret and to judge all things in the light of his own many-sided experience, then the scientific discipline can give the student a comprehensive view of life.

Now, the question arises: How can these ideas, which become more and more current here as time goes on, be realized more fully? How can the "pursuit of perfection" and the "harmonious expansion of all our powers" be made the objectives of a still greater number of students? The answer, as I see it, lies in the individual. The student must somehow be imbued with an inward desire to grow. The appeal must be to his own love of justice, beauty, and truth, and his admiration for the courageous, the noble, and the heroic in life. And although each student is "the way, the truth, and the life" unto himself, there is yet an office and a trust which every teacher should look to it that he fulfil: I say of professors what Emerson said of books,—"They are for nothing but to inspire". By the force and nobility of his own character, by his love for his students, his enthusiasm for his work, the true teacher can breathe life into his subject, and so enkindle the divine spark within his students. *Personal influence*,—this has been the key to whatever has been accomplished by the great teachers of the world, from Socrates to Newman. How can we expect a student to be imbued with enthusiasm and a love of learning, how hold hope that he will resolve, "To follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought", unless his professors—they who should be his guides—are scholars in the true sense of the word, and, finding "deep within deep" of meaning in their work, impart to him their own enthusiasm?

Now, as I conclude, I realize that I have spoken only in terms of the individual, and have said nothing of the duty each man owes to society. Why? Because I believe that the salvation of society must come entirely from within, by a regeneration of the heart. The crying need in the world to-day for leaders—men of the mould of Carlyle's Heroes—can be met by a college such as ours only in so far as we follow, here and now, ideals that are eternal. . . .

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE is but one thing to do at a time like this", said the Philosopher: "take to the cyclone-cellar! There is nothing else that you can do, except pray, until the force of the elements (in this case, of elementals called men) has spent itself. Then emerge, and if there be a stick or two left of your possessions, be thankful. There have been innumerable cyclones in the past—all man-made; there will be innumerable cyclones in the future—likewise man-made. We ought to be old enough, in the real sense, to take such explosions as a matter-of-course, without perturbation or surprise; for we, the immortal we, have been through worse, many times, dropping our bodies as trees drop their leaves, and turning up again, squawking, but full of vim.

"What am I talking about? About the present condition of the world, and about reincarnation, and, if you'll give me a chance, about all sorts of interesting things of which the uninitiated know nothing, though, even so, more than is good for them.

"Things seem worse than they are for reasons we have often discussed: material progress having forged far ahead of moral as of cultural progress, we are inundated by all the turmoil of all the world—a seething, hideous mess—as soon as we sit down to breakfast. In the good old days, the Wars of the Roses might be going on outside our front door, but we had no newspaper to tell us that in every city in Italy the night before, several hundreds of men and women had been murdered in their beds or had died of poison; that France, Germany, Spain, Austria were reeking hecatombs from war, rebellion, plague or famine; and that wicked men, determined to make things worse, were already planning to discover America: twenty-four huge pages of small type just to tell us of the new horrors which have happened since yesterday! It is crushing."

"But my dear Sir", protested one of our visitors, "there is no war or plague or pestilence or famine to trouble us here!"

"That", said the Philosopher, "is the worst news of all; that is the greatest tragedy which our newspapers reveal. Our Karma is so bad that we are not entitled even to the benefits of a plague."

"If you quote the Philosopher in the 'Screen'," said the Student, turning to the Recorder,"it will be as well to explain that at times he need not be taken literally; otherwise we shall have someone saying that the QUARTERLY, like Moses, prays for plagues!"

"I mean exactly what I say, always", declared the Philosopher.

"I do, in any case", said the Historian; "and I want to suggest this: in France, when politicians become intolerable, their victims fill the streets, prepared to die,—not just mobs of Communists and Socialists, but ordinary citizens like ourselves, loving their country more than their own lives; and when enough of them have been killed, the politicians fly. Let us be honest: are you and I

prepared to do likewise? Not a bit of it. We do not care enough. We see our country being ruined, and, rather than go out on the streets to be hit over the head by an Irish policeman (he would be doing his duty after all), we say in effect that we have other and more important matters to attend to. Further, we have sense enough to realize that so long as the large majority of the American people—the non-taxpayers—continue to fancy they are getting something for nothing, which is what the magicians in Washington have led them to believe, it would not be the police who would hit us first; it would be the Socialists, Communists, and the uncounted mob of those whose only political creed is that if you or I own two shirts, both belong to them. Something for nothing, and let the rich man pay later on, while, if he cannot pay, we'll have the pleasure of knowing he is rich no longer: so no one will pay. I don't wonder that the crowd in Washington are still immensely 'popular'."

"You seem to lump the Socialists and Communists together", said the Student; "they are supposed to be in opposite camps."

"The only real difference between them is that your death, under Communism, would be sudden and swift, while, under Socialism, it will be long and lingering. You can take your choice."

"I don't see that I have any choice," said the Student.

"You are right", the Philosopher interjected. "It is the cyclone-cellar or nothing."

"That sounds too much like 'taking it lying down' ".

The Philosopher became serious. "That is not in the least what I mean", he said. "What are we doing now, if not protesting, if not throwing our weight against tendencies which we know to be inherently wrong? But we should face the facts; we should realize that our protest will not be heard *now;* that only the very few will listen until suffering has driven the majority to a state bordering on desperation. It is *our* function to keep burning in the world the flame of ancient truth as the Lodge revealed it to us through H.P.B. and Judge, and as it has since been revealed, in increasing measure, through the spiritual development of the Society and the inner life of its members. We can do this, as we know, only by living the truth, thus revealed, and by living it with fire and enthusiasm. Then, when men are ready for it—tired of their experiments and humbled by their failures—they will find at hand, burning steadily in their midst, the Light from which they can obtain light to guide them back to the path of sanity and progress. Men never have and never will see *that* Light, while looking only for material prosperity, especially when, as at present, such prosperity is sought at the expense of others,—the majority having come to regard the few as their rightful prey.

" 'Something for nothing' is now the aim, in one way or another, of the controlling element in our population. Think of it in terms of religion: does not the average man, when he thinks of himself as religious, expect to get into heaven without serious cost to himself—automatically, as it were, and just as the result of dying? Hell being unthinkable, except perhaps for murderers—and he does not bother about them, for *he* is not a murderer—where else can he go,

unless to heaven? So that which was once regarded as the ultimate reward of saints, is now the last resting-place of anyone not a criminal: something, or, rather, very much, for nothing at all!"

"Well, as you said", the Historian commented, "we have lived through it before,—and not so long ago. During the French Revolution it was decreed that any person selling (using) gold or silver coin, should be imprisoned in irons for six years. In 1793, the penalty was made death, with confiscation of the offender's property, and a reward was offered to any person informing the authorities regarding such transactions. It will be interesting to see how far our Brain Trust will go. The French Brain Trust of 1789, decreed that the property of all Frenchmen who had left France and who had not returned by a certain date, should be confiscated; later (I think in 1794) a law was passed making investments in foreign countries punishable with death. So far, in this country, there has been no crisis. Gold has been confiscated with comparative ease. Our Brain Trust did not have to deal with the tenacity of French 'hoarders' —nor with a Frenchman's sense that his own is his own. Whatever the American used to be, to-day he is in a hopeless minority, and the bureaucracy in Washington has him reasonably well cowed. But it would not surprise me in the least if, before we get through—perhaps as soon as the billions now being spent are called for—the investment abroad of American money were made illegal. As I said, it will be interesting to watch developments."

"Delightful to be so detached!" exclaimed the Student.

"One can at least pretend to be", the Historian replied serenely; "for I agree fully that there is nothing to be done about it until the national brain-storm has spent itself. The QUARTERLY, meanwhile, will keep the flag flying."

"Is it fair", someone asked, "to say that gold in this country has been confiscated?"

"When something is arbitrarily taken from you, and you are forced to accept another thing in its place which admittedly is of far less value, it is confiscation. If I own a valuable horse, and the Government takes that from me and gives me a pig in its place, can you pretend that my horse has not been confiscated?"

The Recorder, at this stage, not unwilling to change the subject, asked if any of those present had read the latest "best seller" among books, adding that he had heard it compared with Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth* and *The Mother*. This roused the Orientalist, whose remarks it is necessary to edit, as he expressed himself with Elizabethan vigour—and the QUARTERLY is not Elizabethan (in fact, there are those who call it Victorian, which we accept as an unintended but all the more welcome compliment). "It is astonishing", he said, "that ordinarily decent people should be willing to stain their souls and pollute their minds by reading books of that kind. *The New York Times Book Review*, meaning to praise *The Mother*, spoke of it as 'Mrs. Buck's deeply elemental novel of Chinese Peasant Life'; and 'deeply elemental' it certainly is, just as Zola's *La Terre* might be described as 'deeply elemental'. Yet *La Terre* slandered the French peasant, who is not, as a rule, the mere brute whom Zola described, and Mrs. Buck slanders the Chinese peasant in much the same way, for she

takes the one side of his nature which she can understand—the animal—and portrays it as his all. Some of you may remember a passage from Ku Hung-Ming, quoted in the QUARTERLY a few years ago. He was defending his countrymen from the aspersions of a European traveller. It is worth repeating:

> Thus, to this Englishman of the aristocratic class without ideas, a Chinaman in dingy clothes, with a pig-tail and yellow skin, is a Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin and nothing more. The Englishman cannot see through the yellow skin, the inside—the moral quality and spiritual value of the Chinaman. If he could, he would see what a fairy world there is really in the inside of the Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin. He would see among other things Taoism with pictures of fairies and genii, outvying the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece. He would find Buddhism, with its song of infinite sorrow, pity and mercy, as sweet, sad and deep as the mystic unfathomable song of Dante. Lastly, he would find Confucianism, with its "way of the superior man", which, little as the Englishman suspects, will one day change the social order and break up the civilization of Europe. But the Englishman without ideas cannot see all this. To him a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail is a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail and nothing more.

"What is gained, in any case", he went on, "by sinking one's mind to the level of coarse if not brutal types, which exist, unfortunately, among all races and in all countries? The result is inevitably degrading. Why not elevate the mind by reading of things that are beautiful, noble, inspiring? Is not the daily paper vile enough, with its ceaseless revelation of greed and selfishness and trickery; with its sensationalism and vulgarity? Is daily life, as all of us are obliged to live it, so ideal, so far removed from the 'earth, earthy', that we need to plunge our noses in the mire to restore some theoretical balance? I believe with St. Paul: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest [literally: to be revered], whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things'. And is this so easy that we need no help from books?

"The lower grade *littérateurs* of to-day find nothing worth while unless it be lewd or tough or raucous; a large section of the public is similarly minded. Read the advertizements in the *Book Review* I mentioned: what is the chief appeal? 'A magnificent bout for your chilly emotions.' Another: 'She was an angel who strayed and became a temptation.' Yet, obvious as that is, I should prefer it to *The Good Earth* if I had to choose; for *The Good Earth* pretends to picture life normally, and does not, and is therefore untrue to life and untrue to art, and is grossly misleading; while the 'angel who strayed' does not pretend to be art, or to be true, or to be anything except an appeal to unnameable proclivities."

"If people want to read novels", commented the Engineer, "there are plenty of them that are worth while. Great books are always theosophical in spirit and purpose. They were written by an immortal soul, for souls. As you were saying, too many modern books, and nearly all modern novels, are written by worm-eaten minds to show how intensely alive they are: and they are alive,

with that sort of life. All of us have heard of the Stilton cheese that tried to wriggle off the table,—very much alive. For novels, go back to some of an earlier date."

"Even students of Theosophy", said the Historian, "do not always realize that to read a book is to put oneself *en rapport* with the mind and atmosphere of its author. We do this purposely when we read such books as *Light on the Path* or the New Testament, and are fully aware of our purpose; but when people open themselves to the depravities, say of *Anthony Adverse*, they shut their eyes, as a rule, to the inevitable result."

"Have you read it?" asked the Student. "I understand it has been condemned unsparingly by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in New York."

"That was one reason why I decided to judge it for myself", the Historian answered; "and I made myself read the earlier chapters—about a third of it—though I could not endure any more. Purple patches of blood and thunder alternate with purpler patches of sex; and because the author writes vividly, and uses all his talent to make you enter into and share the experience of his 'hero', sex horrors included, the effect is that of some hideous drug. Not content with physical description, where little is spared you, he tries to arouse in his reader a corresponding psychic turmoil by portraying the psychic turmoil in his 'hero', in great detail and as attractively as possible. What a Karma for the author! What a perverse use of talent!

"I am told that, toward the end of the book, the 'hero' becomes a reformed character; all I can say is that the author didn't, for, if he had, he would have destroyed the part of it I read."

"Why is a book like that so popular?"

"One explanation is that when children are brought up on highly seasoned food—on 'movie thrillers' and on every other known form of excitement—their appetite becomes jaded, and that therefore, as they grow older, they need increasing violence of sensation to arouse even a modicum of response. For them, the normal, the wholesome, is tasteless; finally, nauseating."

"But quiet, decent people read such books."

"I know they do; but they have become indurated; with them, it was an acquired taste; they began by following the fashion, the current of the world, for fear, perhaps, of being 'out of it', or, sometimes, because widely advertized reviews, praising a book vociferously, led them to distrust their own better instincts. In any case, if they began life with a healthy stomach, it must have turned at first against abnormalities. Only because they persisted, for some such reason as I have suggested, can they have acquired an appetite for 'red-hot' books, which, like an appetite for strong drink, would increase, of course, from continued indulgence."

The Recorder knew that another of our visitors was anxious to ask a question, so now turned to him expectantly, with this immediate response: "May I ask what is the difference between discipleship, as that word is used by orthodox Christians, and the discipleship or chêlaship of which Theosophists speak?" The Recorder appealed to the Ancient.

"Suppose we begin", was the answer, "by trying to define what we mean when we use the term theosophically. Chêla is the Sanscrit for child; chêlaship signifies the direct and conscious relationship of an individual with his 'Father in heaven', with his Master, a relationship such as that of a child with his father. Discipleship, to my mind, does not imply as much. The word is derived from the Latin, *discipulus*, a learner, one who receives instruction from another; but this instruction is not necessarily received directly; it may be derived from books, or through a more experienced disciple, who perhaps has direct contact with a Master.

"This does not mean, however, that all chêlas are of the same degree: far from it. In Hinduism, everyone who considers himself specially religious, would describe himself as a chêla, though it might mean only that he was taking lessons in *pranayama* from some Hatha yogi. And there is justification for this more comprehensive use of the term, seeing that 'a child' may mean anything from a babe in arms, to a man of forty or more, whose years have in no way altered the fact that he is the child of his father. Theosophically, we limit the use of the word to the condition in which co-operation consciously begins; but in Hinduism it might mean no more than an attitude of complete spiritual dependence upon some yogi, as a small child depends upon its parents.

"Keeping the child simile in mind, it should be evident that a child who is a dead weight upon its parents is not the ideal for which any intelligent or sincere person would strive, though it is well to remember that the attitude of the undeveloped and orthodox follower of any of the great religions—Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan or any other—corresponds to that of an infant who looks to its parents primarily as a source of supply, or as superior beings whose function and duty it is to ward off evil, and to provide food, clothing, and such play-things as the child may desire. It seems to me, sometimes, that very few people ever grow out of that attitude. However, while remains of it may linger even when the stage of discipleship has been reached—the stage corresponding to a child's school-days—it ought to be our aim to visualize an ideal objective, and then to set to work to make it real in our own lives.

"I have found this analogy helpful, not only for purposes of exposition, but as a subject of meditation: imagine the father of a large family—children of various ages and sizes—who is building a home for them where no labour can be hired. The father has designed the house, has drawn the plans, and will personally do most of the construction; but he will look to his older sons to co-operate, and he will look to all his children to be of service in so far as they are capable, even if they can do no more than care for the smallest, and keep the toddlers out of mischief. Good-will, be it noted, would be the essential contribution each child must make. An understanding of the father's plans would be of the utmost importance, but useless without good-will. In the older children, the father would hope to find this understanding, which alone could provide intelligent co-operation. He would not expect this in the younger children, though he would expect them to carry out the orders of their elders, and to learn something of masonry and the kindred arts as they performed their allotted tasks.

"You will see that I am describing the various stages in the religious life, from that of complete dependence, to that of active, conscious co-operation, corresponding to a high degree of chêlaship.

" 'Comparisons are odious', or in any case are likely to give rise to profitless controversy; but if I must compare the theosophical with the orthodox Christian ideal, I should say that the former stresses the importance of understanding, and that the latter is too much inclined to think that mere goodness is sufficient. I do believe that goodness, when accompanied by an intense desire to understand and an honest and ceaseless effort to do so, will, in time, produce intelligence; but I do not believe that mere goodness, without an understanding of the father's plans, can produce anything but confusion and hindrance. Constantly —to give this its direct application—I find books by Christians whose devotion to their Master cannot be doubted, and whose sincerity I genuinely respect, but whose utter lack of understanding (resulting as it does in such deplorable aberrations as Pacifism, Gandhi-ism, Internationalism, Socialism and so forth) makes them a positive danger, instead of an aid, to their Master's cause. Unlike Hinduism, Protestant Christianity is a religion without a philosophy; the deductions it draws from its theology are emotional instead of rational. It is worse off, in this respect, than the Church of Rome, which still clings in theory, and at its convenience, to the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas and of Aristotle, —though some Roman Catholics follow the Platonic method, through Dionysius the Areopagite and the mystics of his school."

"What did you mean", asked the same visitor, "when saying that your simile of the father and his children building a house, could be used as a subject of meditation?"

"I meant that it is helpful to imagine yourself a member of that family; then to imagine what your attitude ought to be and what you would like it to be in those circumstances; to imagine the spirit in which, and the intelligence and quickness with which, you would like to co-operate; to imagine the defects of character, such as jealousy or touchiness, which would make co-operation impossible. I have already suggested the importance of a sympathetic, loving understanding of the father's plans and purposes. Carrying this one step further, it is evident that the son who anticipates his father's wishes will be of greater service than one who wants to be told, from minute to minute, what to do and how to do it, although, on the other hand, one who thinks he knows but doesn't, and whose work has to be undone and then done over again, will be a burden and not a help. But take some simple quality such as cheerfulness: see what a difference it would make to the father if his children worked cheerfully and happily, rather than with stifled groans, or boredom, or discouragement. Suppose they did nothing but lament their inability to help him more! Do you see what I mean? Throw yourself into the analogy, live it, feel it, be it; and then turn round and apply it to your actual circumstances and opportunities. And no alibis! Your duties, whatever they may be, are both the means employed by your Master to teach you how to become a builder, and the means by which you can contribute directly to the constructive work he is doing in your environ-

ment. The work he is doing there, within what may seem to you very narrow confines, is part of a vast and inter-related plan. You may be tempted to think of your share in this as insignificant unless you talk or write or in some way seem to influence numbers of people; but a bed-ridden old woman, who sees no one except her doctor and nurse, if she uses her suffering and loneliness and incapacities as 'gifts on the altar of the heart', with gladness and thanksgiving, may contribute more to the cause of her Master and of the Lodge than a preacher who draws crowds of listeners. Suffering is one of the great mysteries, but 'he who suffers most, has most to give', is a truth which every theosophist, every mystic, accepts instinctively, because it is a truth known to his soul as one of the basic facts of existence. Read Thomas à Kempis on 'The Royal Way of the Cross'; read the *Sermon in a Hospital* by Mrs. Hamilton King; read Elisabeth Leseur: 'I believe that even our slightest pains, our least sorrows, can, through the divine action, reach out to souls both dear and distant and bring them light and peace and holiness'. The very attempt to use suffering in this way, tends to unite it with the suffering of those who form the 'Guardian Wall', 'built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented'—of which H.P.B. speaks in 'The Seven Portals'; the very attempt 'makes it a worship instead of a wound'.

"But the most ordinary task, performed in the spirit in which we should act if helping to build our father's house—the task which is our duty, whether in office or home—is just as creative, just as sacred, as any act can be. Any duty, which really is a duty, is *his* order; alone in our room (and it is when alone in his room that a man reveals himself), the father of my analogy is just as much 'present' as when working with all his children on the home he has planned for them. There is not a moment in the day when we are out of his presence. No matter how clumsy we may be, how ignorant, he is pleased with our efforts to please him. Yet we must not remain content with that; we must grow out of our clumsiness and ignorance; we must strive for a better understanding. Figuratively speaking, while the boy of ten is not expected to read blue-prints, the boy of fifteen, though still a boy, ought to be able to do so: and, to co-operate intelligently, we must appreciate the design, must master the detail, must know the steps by which the completed structure is to be brought into existence.

"But the vital thing is our good-will, our unalterable good-will, and our firm resolve, as the fruit of our meditation, to think and act as we should like to do if we were one of those children in my picture."

"But why attempt it?" asked our visitor. "Why undertake so much? What motive could drive one to it?"

"Different motives inspire different men", the Ancient answered; "besides which, motives change. A man may begin from a sense of duty, from shame of selfishness, and may pass from that to an intense desire to find and to serve the Master whose call he feels and longs to hear. Some men hunger for the Truth, others for the Beautiful, while others passionately desire holiness. There are men whom ordinary life does not satisfy."

"And yet", said our visitor; then he paused, and then, suddenly: "do you remember Jasper, the gypsy, in Borrow's *Lavengro*?

"Life is sweet, brother."
"Do you think so?"
"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"
"I would wish to die ——"
"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"
"In sickness, Jasper?"
"There's the sun and stars, brother."
"In blindness, Jasper?"
"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever."

"Yes", said the Ancient, "I remember it; but suppose you knew, deep down within you, that all the outer sweetness of the world, all its beauties, are but symbols or reflections of unseen beauties infinitely transcending them. There are those who know, long before they attain to vision, that the spiritual world is real, while our world is but a shadow of that divine reality."

"If they know that", said our visitor, "they have attained."

"So you, my friend, are a mystic!" and the Ancient looked at him intently.

"Not yet", laughed the accused.

"There is another motive", the Ancient continued, paying no attention to our visitor's negative response, "a motive which in all ages has impelled some men to leave the sweetness of the world for the greater joy they saw before them: the feeling that nothing less than heroism could give them peace; nothing less than complete self-abandonment,—a reckless (if you choose) throwing away of life for worship of that which is greater than life. Consider, for instance, the early days of the Knights Templar: Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, but pilgrims were molested, robbed, killed, on their way from the coast. From all over Europe men of the highest station left their homes, and the comforts, often the luxuries, to which they were accustomed, not for a year or two, as for a war, but for ever, taking—and keeping—vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and fighting day after day, without intermission, desperately, against tremendous odds, in blazing heat or bitter cold, with no reward except the delight of feeling that there was no sacrifice they had not, would not, gladly, thankfully, make. Love of Christ,—yes, in some cases; but love of the uttermost they could see of nobility, of sacrifice which was no sacrifice, of pure splendour of soul. Their ranks filled faster than death could empty them. No wonder they were 'the passion and the admiration of the whole Christian world'.

"Well,—their spirit is an indication of that which inspires some men to enter upon the path of discipleship,—that inner path, that 'hidden way', which, to be followed successfully, requires even more of heroism than the spectacular path of outer warfare."

"Would it not be presumptuous to suppose one were capable of such a life?"

"What would you think of a child—of one of the children of my analogy—who, on the ground of his 'unworthiness', 'unfitness', or what not, sat on a log, content to watch the others work? Remember your own dictum of a few minutes ago, and realize that the desire to be one of those children proves that you are one of them,—proves that you have been 'called' by your Father, your Master, to take your place among them: you have not chosen him; he has chosen you; it is not for you either to question or to seek to understand his choice. We must recover 'the child-state we have lost'; that is to say, we must answer the 'call' with simplicity and trust, with gladness and alacrity, not counting either our merits or defects. We are so fatally *mental* in our approach to all these things,—as if the spiritual life could be done up and handed out in packages, carefully weighed and labelled: four-and-twenty virtues make a chêla; one big sin makes none. Heaven knows I do not mean that virtues and sins are unimportant; no man who is 'tied and bound with the chain of his sins' is free to serve even himself, much less his Master; but I do mean that a positive response to a 'call', though at first we hear and interpret it as no more than our own deep desire, will carry us away from sin and beyond our virtues, to a freedom which those alone know who have ceased to be calculators. If a man were to think himself worthy, it would be proof positive that he was not. There are all sorts of people in the Kingdom of heaven, but Pharisees are not among them.

"Who was it said, 'Come unto me'? Who, to-day, not from some remote heaven, but at street-corners as in green fields, in the midst of crowds or when we seem utterly alone, stands with out-stretched arms and calls to us to meet love with love, service with service, self-abandonment with self-abandonment? The world does not hear because it does not want to hear; but if you, though thinking you hear nothing, wish that you might—wish it were true—then *you have heard*, though, as in a dream, his voice comes back to you as that of your own desire. We flatter ourselves! We are incapable of any such desire; it is his voice in us that we hear. Answer it; listen for his answer; you will have found him, and may know that he is the soul of your soul and your immortality."

"Thank you", said our visitor; "I am beginning to understand". And I, who knew him well, could feel the waters of life surge within his heart, as if, though still through a glass darkly, he had caught some glimpse of the Eternal Beauty and had found his own unlikeness almost too much to bear.

T.

When we love, we live less in ourselves than in that which we love; and the more we love, the more we establish our life beyond ourselves in what we love.—CHARLES DE FOUCAULD.

The Theory of Knowledge and Existence, by W. T. Stace, Litt. D., Lecturer in Philosophy in Princeton University; Oxford at the Clarendon Press; price, $5.

Dr. Stace belongs to the empirical school which has dominated English philosophical thought since the time of Lord Bacon. Like Locke and Hume and John Stuart Mill, he has an innate distrust of metaphysics and mysticism in all their forms, and is only truly at ease when he is analyzing the data of ordinary physical sensation. He himself admits his indebtedness to the English empiricists, and also pays his compliments to Descartes.

"Our method", he writes, "is the same as that of Descartes. But unfortunately Descartes took as his ultimate certainty, his datum, his starting-point, what is anything but a primal certainty, the ego as a substance. And he proceeded at once to make deductions concerning the external world which were fallacious. . . . We shall take as our beginning not the ego, but the given. I see a green patch before me. A foundation of knowledge, an indisputable certainty, is this simple experience of the green patch. *Not* the ego which is supposed to experience it, but the experience itself.[1] . . . But what about the steps which are to follow? Descartes assumed that they must all be logical *inferences*. Now one of the first lessons which we shall learn is that from the given, *nothing* about the external world can be *inferred*. . . . We cannot, for example, advance by any process of inference from the bare momentary experience of the green patch to the belief in the independent existence of a permanent green *object*. . . . We shall find that there are other logical steps possible besides inferences, namely, *mental constructions*. We shall see that these mental constructions are the great instruments by means of which knowledge has advanced from its starting-point to its present state" (pp. 20-21).

Dr. Stace evidently believes that the only certitude which any man can have is the immediate datum of physical sensation which occupies his field of attention at a given instant. He can infer nothing from it as to the existence either of his own self or of the universe, but he can use his mind—or appearance of a mind—to form concepts, as it notes the resemblances between certain sense-data and groups of sense-data. The process of concept-formation may be subconscious, as in the case of children and savages, or it may be conscious, when the mind belongs to an adult human creature. According to Dr. Stace,

[1] Habitually we wish to ask such reasoners: How can there be an experience without an experience*r*?—EDITORS.

most so-called percepts are rich in conceptual elements, which are presumably inherited, together with our physiological habits, from our primitive ancestors. Even the existence of other minds can never become self-evident. It can only be inferred, without proof, from the bare facts of experience, as Dr. Stace defines them. A tree or a dog is as abstract and as subjective as any of the hypothetical entities of modern physics. It is useless to ask whether our friend or our dog actually exists, for we shall never find an answer. The most that can be said of any object is that it is a logical and consistent mind-image which is anchored to some certitude in sensation. Thus the rose is at least existent in Nature as a red patch before Dr. Stace.

Doubtless, this sort of ratiocination serves some sort of useful purpose. Philosophers have to be reminded, from time to time, that no theory is valid which fails to take account of elementary physical experience; and many of them are incapable of understanding ordinary language. To make any impression upon them, one must talk and argue like Dr. Stace. But it is well to warn the layman not to take any statement by a professor of philosophy too seriously, especially if the said professor claim to be a rigorous empiricist. It would be a great misfortune if people were really to believe that the only certitudes in our experiences are such things as patches of colour or sound.

As a matter of fact, empiricists differ widely among themselves as to the nature of fundamental experience. Descartes, for instance, discovered in himself the ground of his individual being, and also the presence or reflection of Divine Being. It is quite possible that Dr. Stace might make a similar discovery, if he knew where to look or were sufficiently interested in the deeper layers of his consciousness really to investigate them. As it seems, what he has done is simply to describe quite accurately the immediate data of consciousness at the periphery of human experience, on the outermost plane of being where the perceiving power is turned away from the vision of the Self, and thus grasps only the multiplicity and perpetual flux of physical existence. There is no reason why the man who becomes active on an inner plane of being should not become as certain of the existence of his friend or of his dog, as he is of red and green patches floating before his eyes. If the testimony of the mystics mean anything, he may even become certain of a genuine principle of identity which establishes the essential oneness of all beings. It is unnecessary to reject as "unscientific" the statement of the Buddha that the enlightened sage sees the universe face to face. V. L.

The Secret of the Saints, Studies in Prayer, Meditation and Self-Discipline, by Sir Henry Lunn; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, $1.00.

This small book has in it a great deal that is of value for anyone seeking suggestions as to self-discipline, meditation, and all that these involve, and students of Theosophy are especially quick in their appreciation of such matters. The book is a direct appeal for more prayer—an appeal to a world which has forgotten how to pray, and, what is worse, which no longer feels any necessity

for it. "Prayer is more a problem than a practice", someone is reported to have said in answer to a question on the subject. Yet, as Sir Henry Lunn believes, the world in which (particularly since the War) moral anarchy is in the ascendant, was never in so great a need of those who will lead the inner life. This "moral anarchy which expresses itself in the writings of powerful thinkers of to-day", is responsible for the present Godless state of society. These men assert "that sin is not sin, and that morals should be based, not on self-denial and self-control, but on the full expression of self". How, then, are we to counteract this malign tendency? What is to move us to a true recognition of the need for prayer, for meditation? And what was the secret of the saints? What was it that gave them a hunger and thirst for the inner grace of prayer? "Archimedes", we read, "declared that with a fulcrum he could move the world. In these pages it has been sought to show from the teaching of the saints, that they have found in love and self-surrender such a spiritual fulcrum."

There are some things in this book with which the readers of the QUARTERLY are not likely to agree; as an example, they will probably not view the Buchman movement in the same light as does Sir Henry Lunn—and there are other examples as well. But in the brief sketches which he gives us of the individual "Masters of Meditation", from St. Augustine onwards, and as a result of the concise way in which the salient points of their different methods of prayer and meditation are noted, we shall find much instruction and help. It is a small book well worth owning. T. D.

A Buddhist Bible, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont, 1932; price, $1.00.

Self-Realisation of Noble Wisdom, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont; price, $1.00.

The Principle and Practice of Mahayana Buddhism, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont; price, $1.00.

Dwight Goddard is an American Buddhist. He has found inspiration and solace in the Mahayana, as interpreted by the Zen School of Japan, and longs to share with others the spiritual treasures which he has discovered. He has the enthusiasm and extreme hopefulness of a convert, believing that Zen Buddhism "is the most promising of all the great religions to meet the problems of European civilization which to thinking people are increasingly foreboding". To say the least, this is a very hazardous assumption. Knowledge of Zen and of the great Mahayana texts on which it rests, is an invaluable asset to the Occidental mind, provided that the knowledge is real and not merely academic. But the West has its own mystical heritage, its own "Great Vehicle". European civilization will be saved, if at all, through a revival of loyalty to the religious tradition which has been interwoven with its history since the days of ancient Egypt. The goal of Zen is essentially one with the goal of true Christianity, but the methods of the two religions are necessarily very different, being addressed to different races, to widely separated types of general consciousness.

However, the more we can know about the Mahayana, the more capable we should be of understanding the inner principles of the Western religious tradition. Mr. Goddard has performed a very real service by preparing these popular editions of the scriptures of Northern Buddhism. Unlike many Western admirers of Eastern creeds, he clearly understands that which he admires. The lucidity of his commentaries may be partly ascribed, as he would undoubtedly be the first to admit, to the instruction in Zen which he received from Professor Suzuki, one of the most distinguished of Japanese Buddhist philosophers.

The translations here given are not original, most of them being based upon the scholarly work of Dr. Suzuki. They are, in fact, paraphrases, free renderings, rather than translations, and many passages in the texts have been omitted or abridged. Since the fundamental scriptures of Zen are often involved and difficult, Mr. Goddard's books serve as a comparatively simple introduction to the principles which sustain the most vital spiritual manifestation in contemporary Japan. We are pleased to note that he is constantly improving his terminology, or at least rendering it more intelligible to Occidental readers. For example, *bhutatathata* may be most exactly rendered as "suchness", but we share Mr. Goddard's preference for "essence" as the most suggestive English equivalent.

A Buddhist Bible contains selections from the *Lankavatara Sutra*, a paraphrase of William Gemmell's translation of the Chinese version of the *Diamond Sutra*, the *Maha-prajña-paramita-hridaya*, and the *Sutra* of the Sixth Chinese Patriarch, Hui-Neng. *Self-Realisation of Noble Wisdom* is a reprint, from *A Buddhist Bible*, of the section containing the *Lankavatara Sutra*. *The Principle and Practice of Mahayana Buddhism* is an adaptation of Dr. Suzuki's translation of one of the least known of the Northern Buddhist scriptures, Ashvaghosha's *Mahayana Shraddhotpada Shastra* (*The Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana*).

S. V. L.

Slanting Lines of Steel, by E. Alexander Powell; The Macmillan Co., New York; price, $2.50.

With My Own Eyes, by Frederick Palmer; The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, $3.50.

Colonel Powell's reputation as a war-correspondent is already too well established for an introduction to be necessary, and in this latest book of his he re-tells, with his usual graphic style, the story of his experiences in the Great War. The word "re-tell" is advisedly used, for not only in his despatches direct from the front, but also in a number of books published during the War itself, has he told of what he saw and shared, and his *Fighting in Flanders*, written while in hospital recovering from an injury received during the Siege of Antwerp, did much toward awakening the American people to the realities of warfare as it was being waged "over there", by the Germans. Without question, the early part of the book—that which concerns invaded Belgium—is the best; perhaps this is inevitably so, because Colonel Powell occupied a unique position at that time. The Belgian High Command gave him facilities for getting about

which no other war-correspondent enjoyed, and he was thus enabled to see for himself, things which to most people were merely hearsay. This is not a book of reflection; there is in it no discussion as to whether war is right or wrong, with all that such an argument necessarily entails. The author goes straight to the point by statements of crude facts—facts which, too often, are very ugly, but which it is well that the world should not be allowed to forget. For this reason we are deeply indebted to Colonel Powell for forcing us to recall, in all their hideousness, some of the outrages, the atrocities, for the truth of which there can be no shadow of doubt, and for which the Germans must one day be made wholly answerable. Colonel Powell and another American were the first foreigners to enter Aerschot, "or what was left of Aerschot", after it had been sacked and burned by the Germans. We all know (if we choose to remember it), the utter depravity which prompted the destruction of that once charming little town, and the murder of its peace-loving inhabitants. The story which the Germans gave to the world in explanation of their crime, when compared with the Belgian report of what really took place, is so obviously a fabrication, that one merely discounts it as one does any other kind of lie. Besides which, as Colonel Powell writes (he was on the spot within a few hours after the worst of the outrage had taken place): "We needed no one to tell us the details of what had happened. The story could be read by anyone, so plainly was it written, not only in the ruined houses but in the horror-stricken faces of the survivors. . . . A little episode that occurred as we were leaving Aerschot did more than anything else to bring home to us the dreadfulness of what had happened. Beside the curb stood a little girl of nine or ten. She looked so hungry and forlorn that we stopped the car to give her some chocolate. At our approach, however, she dropped to her knees, her hands raised above her head, and in a childish treble screamed piteously for mercy. We tried to reassure her by telling her that we were Americans and friends. When she comprehended that we meant her no harm, she snatched the chocolate and fled. That kneeling child, with her fright-wide eyes and her hands raised in supplication, was a more damning indictment of the Germans than all the ruined towns in Belgium." Speaking of Louvain: "Here we came upon another scene of destruction and desolation on a vastly greater scale than at Aerschot, but no more horrifying"; and: "what struck me as particularly significant was the callousness of the Germans. They betrayed no sign of pity for the homeless and destitute inhabitants, no feeling of shame for what they had done."

The campaign in Flanders occupies about half the book. The rest takes us into France and Italy, and later on we are taken through the months after America, at long last, decided to "join up". The whole book is graphic, vivid, but the early part is, as we have said, by far the most absorbing.

A very different kind of book is *With My Own Eyes*. Comparing the last eighty pages of it (all that is given to the World War, in a book of nearly four hundred pages), with Colonel Powell's direct and simple statement of what he saw for himself, and experienced at first hand, we are at once struck by the marked difference. Perhaps the many wars in which Colonel Palmer has taken

part, or has at least witnessed, may be measurably responsible for the rather cynical disillusionment from which he appears to be suffering; for the wars of which he tells us have been both great and small; they have been fought in the east and in the west, and over a period of many years. He philosophizes a good deal about war in general, and the conditions of war, and no doubt he has learned much, but of one thing he seems not to have learned anything at all—that war can elevate as well as degrade, depending on the individual approach to it. We take radical exception to his downright statement regarding war "which dwarfs, stiffens and narrows the human mind into two ruts, one of vitreous and the other of apostolic emotion". We may not be entirely sure of his mood when he chose the word "apostolic", nor exactly what he means by it, but surely Colonel Palmer must have met men who, so far from being "narrowed" and "stiffened" into "ruts", or being "dwarfed" as a result of their experiences in the World War, were, on the contrary, completely transformed spiritually—men who, before the War, were leading lives of out-and-out debauchery, men who were utterly useless and tragically self-centred, but who rose through their sufferings and the sufferings of their comrades, to undreamed-of heights of heroism and sacrifice. Remembering some of the men we knew in those War-time days, we can only wish that there were a few more of the same calibre left to us to-day. Colonel Palmer is evidently very much of a pacifist at heart, and the extreme tolerance of his views leads him to an almost inevitable conclusion: the Belgian and Northern France atrocities of 1914, which justly shocked the whole world at the time, he considers mostly fiction. He ridicules the Bryce Report and its writer, "so simple, benign and ingenuous", adding that, after all, "there were so few ways for an elderly statesman to do his bit"; but that he evidently felt he *was* doing his bit "by signing the then famous atrocity report which has already become one of the curiosities of war literature. Perhaps the Germans did commit more atrocities than the Allies", he says—and so on, and so on. Disbelieving in the truth of the atrocities, he condemns the women of Belgium for refusing to respond to "the plaintive desire" of elderly German sentries or other grandfatherly Germans of the invading armies, to caress Belgian children. It would, however, seem to us entirely understandable, to say the least, that any woman (whether of Belgian or other nationality), who has seen her own or her friends' babies butchered before her eyes, would wish to avoid any contact whatsoever with Germans. As to the truth of the atrocities—has Colonel Palmer forgotten the damning evidence of their extraordinarily abrupt cessation? When the German High Command found it to be bad policy to continue them, they were stopped with a suddenness which would have been quite impossible had they been the involuntary unleashing of human passions. It is an historical fact, already noted in the QUARTERLY, that the worst of these barbarities, unique in the annals of "civilized" warfare because of their bestiality, all happened within the first three months of the War, and that then, in their peculiarly revolting and iniquitous character, they ceased. This, of course, does not mean that *all* atrocities ceased, but, as it has been said: "The crimes of the invasion, and the crimes of the occupation, are of a very different order from one another." We

should be interested to know how Colonel Palmer would explain this. Argument, however, is of little use. To those who witnessed some of the atrocities or their aftermath there is no need for argument. They are black and indelible facts, and we can only regret that Colonel Palmer, with his many and varied experiences, cannot add to those experiences the terrible and unforgettable one of having shared (as Colonel Powell did), with the people of Belgium and Northern France, even a very little of what they suffered from the effects of those atrocities, the very memory of which Colonel Palmer makes such an effort to obliterate.

T. D.

De Platon à Dante par la "Voie Royale", by Gaston Luce; Librairie Heugel, Paris, 1933; price, 20 francs.

Madame Blavatsky frequently defined Theosophy as the "Wisdom Religion", the substratum and source of all that is true in the religions and philosophies of mankind. Though he makes no reference to Madame Blavatsky, Gaston Luce bases his studies upon the same fundamental conception of a spiritual Tradition common to all races, and ultimately derived from a "primitive revelation" to the first humanity.

> [This Tradition] is the secret of the ante-diluvian races, of Atlantis, of ancient Egypt and Persia and India. As the Abbé Moreux says, the various cosmogonies of antiquity proceed from a common source, of which we know nothing. One fact remains, that the Tradition persists, and that each epoch receives a new dispensation from this source. . . . [Civilizations] pass, but a perpetual miracle keeps the Tradition alive. . . . The stream may seem to go dry, but it springs forth anew at another point. In every nucleus of civilization, radiant centres are formed about some great Messenger (*quelque grand prédestiné*). Thus, in the West, Pythagoras and Plato, Virgil and Dante, one after another, appear, like pure torches illumining the ages. Others preceded them, others have followed and will follow, obeying a rhythm determined by Providence (pp. 17-18).

Luce tries to reconstruct the broad outlines of the inner history of the Occident from Plato to Dante. The "Royal Road" is built of the thoughts and lives of the saints and seers of this great age which culminated in the Incarnation of the Master Christ. The author does not approach this splendid subject with a merely curious interest. It is his avowed purpose to re-discover the traces of the "veritable universal religion", for he believes that the future of our civilization depends upon the successful termination of such a quest.

His book is professedly only a preliminary sketch, a provocation to further research. On the whole, it is both lucid and inspiring, though one doubts whether it is adapted to convince anyone who is not convinced already of the essential truth of his thesis. Luce is happily free from any undue preoccupation with the so-called occult arts. He writes as a sincere and devout Christian, who is, however, convinced that the boundaries of the true Christian doctrine lie far beyond the limits set by official theology. He believes in the pre-existence of the soul and in reincarnation, as well as in the manifold correspondences between cosmic and human nature. Like certain early Fathers of the Church, he finds

a place in Christian ranks for Plato and many others who lived before the Incarnation.

He has little comprehension of the East. His remarks upon Indian metaphysics are valueless, when they are not positively misleading: he even commits the blunder of describing the supreme ideal of the Orient as "a complete void of thought and action". It would seem that he has never read the *Upanishads* or the *Bhagavad Gîta* or the Mahayana *Sutras*. However, by compensation, he is at his best when he turns to the far West of Europe. His chapters upon Druidism and Arthurian chivalry are of great interest and value. He may overstress the actual influence of the Celtic tradition in the development of mediæval standards and ideals; but it is certain that this influence was greater than has been supposed. In any event, the Druids have been consistently under-estimated. It is evident that they were in possession of the great doctrines which characterize the "veritable universal religion", in all of its genuine transmutations. For example, as Luce points out, there were three great worlds or planes in the "Neo-Bardist" cosmogony, which was formulated in Wales after the introduction of Christianity but which was almost certainly a recapitulation of Druidical philosophy. These worlds are *Abred*, the place of transmigrations, *Gwynfydd*, the circle of immortal bliss, and *Ceugant*, "the circle where there is only God".

> Man will escape from the circle of necessity only by attaching himself to the good, to works of wisdom, justice and love. Thereby he will ascend the steps of *Gwynfydd*. . . . Then *Abred* will come to an end, and with it all suffering from sin and death. Thus man will be born into the true life which comes from God and which is in Him alone. . . . Man could not support an unvarying and monotonous eternity, nor can he immerse himself in the Absolute as long as the creation endures; but he can lift himself indefinitely towards an infinite felicity, in that state where there is no evil, no deprivation, no death; wherein the plenitude of his proper nature is restored to him; wherein the memory of his past existences endows him with the treasures of a science which he has acquired by his own merit. In the light of a firmer judgment and of a more complete experience, he is then free to return upon earth, but *with the privileges of a citizen of Gwynfydd* (pp. 185-186).

Thus we find, among the Druids of Gaul and Britain, the counterpart of the Buddhist Nirmanakaya doctrine, for the Nirmanakaya also is a being who lives on or near our earth, though he has the right to dwell permanently in the highest Heaven. V. S.

As We Are: A Modern Revue, by E. F. Benson; Longmans, Green and Co. London, 1932; price 15*s*.

This is a vile book, written by someone who ought to have known better. It is difficult to understand how publishers of such high repute can have been persuaded to give it their imprint. It is vile for more reasons than one: first, because it treats the vicious immorality of a section of English society as if it were typical of the whole; second, because, describing the misbehaviour of this section with disgusting frankness, the author not only condones but shows

sympathy with it; third, because the author, who is of a much older generation (he was born in 1867, the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury), clearly shows that he has degenerated with the times instead of standing for the higher and better standards of his youth,—and decadent old men are peculiarly repellent. His brothers, Arthur Christopher and Robert Hugh, in their different ways were splendid men who ran true to type; both are dead, and thus have been spared the humiliation of E. F. Benson's latest production.

The book concludes with a chapter entitled "Stock-Taking". The author's last word is that England has become "a second-rate Power", and that her salvation lies in accepting her "humiliation" without bitterness and in acting accordingly! We made it our business to see if the London *Times* review would enter any protest, at least against that statement, if not also against the immoralities we have indicated. Not a word! The London *Times* appears to accept it all as a matter of course. Fortunately we know better than to regard even this as significant of more than the degeneracy of present "literary" opinion, which, in this country as in England, is living on its own decay. T.

Son of Heaven: A Biography of Li-Shih-Min, Founder of the T'ang Dynasty, by C. P. Fitzgerald; Cambridge University Press, Macmillan, New York, 1933; price, $4.50.

Those who have read Grousset's book, *In the Footsteps of the Buddha*, will be eager to learn more about the great Emperor T'ang T'ai Tsung. They will find Mr. Fitzgerald's book extremely interesting and well written. The study of the history of the past has never been of more value than at the present time, when a disregard for the experience of the race is leading most nations into chaos. The unbiased student can find in the history of this ancient state and of its founder, Li-Shih-Min, the Emperor T'ang T'ai Tsung, many of the principles of successful government. He will, also, feel a real fondness for the great Emperor himself.

Toward the end of the reign of the second Emperor of the Sui dynasty, Yang Ti, all China lapsed into anarchy. Yang Ti was a madman, and his name has come down as a by-word through the centuries. It was his misrule which caused rebellion to spread throughout the Empire. Rival princes and generals seized upon provinces and struggled to maintain themselves. The Mongolian hordes, Huns and Tartars, attacked the frontiers. It was then that there arose a man of extraordinary genius, who conquered the whole of China, subdued the barbarians, and laid the foundations of a civilization which lasted far longer than his dynasty, even to the fall of the Empire in our own day. This great soldier and administrator was Li-Shih-Min, the founder of the T'ang dynasty.

Li-Shih-Min was born in the year 600 A.D. His family was an old and honourable one. His grandfather had been created Duke of T'ang, and his father was Governor of Shansi. He was brought up among the troops on the frontier, and distinguished himself in a campaign at the age of fifteen. When he was seventeen, realizing the chaos into which the Empire had fallen, he persuaded his

father, Li Yüan, a man of weak and undecided character, to raise the standard of revolt. After a long and brilliant campaign, Li-Shih-Min captured Ch'ang An, one of the capitals of the Empire and a key position to the conquest of the other provinces. The young grandson of Yang Ti was proclaimed Emperor for the time being. Six months later, when another rebellious general murdered Yang Ti, the boy offered the crown to Li Yüan, who thus became the first T'ang Emperor.

This first conquest was that of one province only. The rest of China was divided between twelve claimants. Not only had Li-Shih-Min to defeat these rivals, but he had to fight the Turkish tribes which menaced the frontier. In one campaign after the other, Li-Shih-Min subdued the warring chiefs, until, by the year 624, all China was his. Except for the wars with the barbarians, it remained at peace for one hundred and thirty years.

While Li-Shih-Min was conquering the Empire, his brothers remained at home at the court. They in no wise resembled him. The eldest, the Crown Prince, Chien-Chêng, was jealous and debauched. The youngest, Yüan-Chi, shared all his vices. They constantly plotted against Li-Shih-Min, accusing him of every kind of crime. Once they gave him poisoned wine, from the fatal effects of which he was saved only by a prompt antidote and his strong constitution. He never made any attempt to convict his brothers or to justify himself. He had no talent for palace intrigue. The princes again plotted to assassinate him. When this came to the ears of his friends and followers, they insisted that he defend himself. Li-Shih-Min sent a memorial to his father, but the old man was incapable of deciding on any action. His brothers, who were afraid he might convince the Emperor, started for the Palace City with an armed force, expecting to get there before him. With some of his friends and fifty followers, Li-Shih-Min ambushed them at the City Gate. Yüan-Chi drew his bow and shot three arrows at his brother, but missed him. He was shot by one of Li-Shih-Min's men. Li-Shih-Min was a famous archer. With one arrow he killed Chien Chêng. The bodies of the princes were decapitated and their heads shown to their followers, who fled or surrendered. The old Emperor could have prevented this bloody tragedy had he shown any justice or firmness in protecting Li-Shih-Min, to whom they all owed their fortune. Two months later, he abdicated in favour of his son, who ascended the throne as T'ang T'ai Tsung.

Li-Shih-Min was successful in his wars with the Tartars, dispersing the border tribes, and receiving tribute from beyond the Gobi. As a matter of fact, the Tartars understood and liked him. Of these remote expeditions the poet Li T'ai-po says: "In the autumn, our neighbours of the frontiers come down from their mountains. We must pass the great wall and go to meet them. The bamboo tiger is divided, and the general sets out on the march; the soldiers of the Empire will not halt until they reach the sands of the Gobi. The crescent moon, hung in the void, is all that can be seen in this wild desert, where the dew crystallizes on the polished steel of swords and breastplates. Many a day will pass before they return. Do not sigh, young women, for you would have to sigh too long."

The Chinese of that day were not pacifists. We can see them as they were, on the bas-reliefs, or as spirited terra-cotta figures, rugged soldiers in heavy armour, with fierce faces. Their war horses accompany them. On the approach to his tomb, Li-Shih-Min had carved the portraits of six of his horses, with their names and exploits. "T'e-Lei-P'iao. White. Ridden in the campaign against Sung Chin-Kang."

> "At a touch of the whip he bounded into the air,
> His neighing filled the sky,
> Rushing upon danger, he scattered the enemy,
> Riding him in the midst of perils, I escaped calamity."

It brings the Emperor very close to us.

T'ang T'ai Tsung had to set in order his vast Empire. Fitzgerald says: "To the Chinese the name of Li-Shih-Min is even more familiar as a wise and beneficent ruler than as the brilliant victor of the battlefield." He had the gift of choosing men of ability and of using them. Not only was he supported by brave soldiers, but by great ministers. Two of these generals and one minister are popular to-day all over China as Gate Gods. Their portraits upon the doors still scare the devils away. The Emperor reformed the laws, remodelled the provincial administration and established the system of education.

From the seventh century onwards China has far more often and for far longer, been united than divided. Partitions have been the consequence of partial foreign conquest, or a temporary interlude between strong dynasties. Always the T'ang tradition has reasserted itself. That tradition, of a unified Empire administered by a civil service taking its orders from one supreme authority, was the life work of Li-Shih-Min, and it has maintained and spread in the Far East the Chinese culture, one of the great civilizing forces in the world's history.

At the height of his power, a tragedy occurred in the Emperor's own family. His son, the Crown Prince Ch'êng-Ch'ien, inherited none of the qualities of his father nor of his mother, the admirable Empress Chang-Sun. Aided and abetted by his uncle, a half brother of Li-Shih-Min, he actually plotted to murder his father and to seize the throne. Another son, by a concubine, Prince Chi, attempted to rebel against the Emperor and entrenched himself in a city of which he was governor. The soldiers and citizens had no sympathy with him and handed him over to the army. At his trial the treachery of the Crown Prince, of the Emperor's half brother, and of one of his generals who had joined the conspirators, came to light. The Emperor degraded the Crown Prince to the rank of a common citizen and exiled him to a remote province, where he soon died. His half brother was allowed to commit suicide, and the general was beheaded. Another son, Prince Wei, had to be exiled also, because of his ambitions. The second son of the Empress, Prince Chin, who was only sixteen years old, was made Crown Prince.

Li-Shih-Min made an expedition into Korea which was not entirely successful. He had never completely recovered from the effect of the poison given to him

by his brothers, and his health was weakened by the shock of his own sons' conduct. In the summer of 649 he died at the age of forty-nine.

The T'ang dynasty saw a splendid and, in some respects, unequalled efflorescence of poetry and the arts. This was made possible by the security and peace which the conquests and administration of Li-Shih-Min established. As a general, Li-Shih-Min combined two sets of qualities rarely found together. He was audacious, swift in decision, and fearless, yet he was capable of caution, prudence and patience. He would wait for the aid of Nature, for the snow to fall on the enemy's flocks, or for floods to menace a beleaguered city, but when he acted it was with firmness and persistence. He was very merciful, according to the standards of the Chinese. He endeavoured to be a model Confucian prince, and as such he has been regarded through history. Li-Shih-Min was not very favourably disposed toward Buddhism which, he thought, had too pacific a tendency. However, he was not intolerant. During his reign the Nestorian Christians built a church in Ch'ang-An, and the Mohammedans a mosque at Canton. Grousset says: "Whatever may have been his personality —and it dominates three centuries of history—it was not in his power to stem the tide of mysticism that was spreading over the Chinese soul."

Fitzgerald tells a story which illustrates his simplicity and humility. The Emperor asked his minister Wei Cheng, whether, in his opinion, after ten years of his reign, the government was better conducted than it had been. Wei Cheng was famous for his frankness. He replied:

"Your Majesty yourself has changed. In the beginning you feared that we would not dare to tell you of your mistakes; later you received our admonitions with pleasure; now one must say you accept them with difficulty."

The Emperor replied "You must prove all this to us with facts."

"In the first year of your reign", replied Wei Cheng, "you rewarded with the gift of a country estate, an officer who pointed out to Your Majesty that you were about to punish with death a criminal who had not merited such a penalty. When people said that this recompense was excessive, you replied that it was intended to encourage the ministers to point out your mistakes. Is not that fearing lest we should not admonish you? Later you pardoned for reasons which a minister advanced, a false accuser who had been condemned to die. Is not that accepting advice with pleasure? Recently, when you wished to rebuild the Lo Yang palace, which your Majesty yourself burned down twelve years ago, a member of your court thought it his duty to oppose you. Your Majesty became enraged, and although, on my entreaty, you refrained from penalizing this man, one must say that his pardon was dragged out of you! It is a proof that you no longer take any pleasure in hearing contrary opinions."

The Emperor, greatly struck by these incontestable proofs of Wei Cheng's contention, remarked to his court, "How dangerous it is not to know oneself. I would never have known that my character was changing, unless Wei Cheng had proved it to me by these personal instances."

ST. C. LAD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 386.—*Much stress is laid in our devotional books on detachment. How is it possible to do our daily tasks well without a great deal of the opposite quality?*

ANSWER.—"Detachment" from what? First of all, of course, from self in its multifarious manifestations; second, detachment from "creatures", to use another word familiar to us in some of our devotional books, and this means not only detachment from the lower selves of others, but also from the outer circumstances of our lives—from pain, from pleasure, from likes and dislikes and all such phantasmagoria of the lower worlds. The more we detach ourselves from these outer things, the more certain we are to be able to attach ourselves to our Master's service—the sole object of our incarnation. If, therefore, we perform our "daily tasks" with detachment from the false, and consecration (or attachment) to the Real, we shall not only be able to do these tasks "well", but better than we have ever done them before, because, by our interior attitude (our attitude of heart), we shall have made it possible for our Master to help us perform all these duties with the true thoroughness which he expects of us. It is not the "daily task" itself which matters, but our interior approach to it—detachment from all that exists in the world of shadows, and an ardour of attachment to all that is in the world of Light, where our Master is waiting for us. It is an occult process, even if unconsciously so, and this also, of necessity, means a religious process in the deepest and truest sense. A well-known example may be found in Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, who always performed her outer duties with an immense and generous disregard of failing health, and therefore, perhaps, of a momentary disinclination; invariably her work, whatever it might be—whether washing windows or something else—was done with all the perfection of which she was capable and at the same time with the uttermost consecration and devotion; she lifted her heart with every stroke of her frail hands, in a passion of love which was definite, clearcut, complete. No doubt she would have been amazed (probably more than amazed), had she imagined that any "occult" results were taking place. T.A.

ANSWER.—Certainly, concentration is essential to the right performance of our daily duties. But, within concentration itself, lies detachment. We have all had the experience of becoming so absorbed in some matter of immediate and pressing interest, that all other affairs, including perhaps duties, have been relegated to the background. The motive of the moment, possibly an unworthy one, has detached us from everything else. So, in the inner life, it comes back to motive. Why are we doing these, our daily tasks? Because they are our duties of the moment, inescapable, our Karma; because they are the things through which we shall grow and learn. For all these reasons, and others, we want to do them as perfectly as possible, and we concentrate upon the doing. Concentration, with that motive, itself brings detachment. Nor do we need to stop, when under pressure, and examine ourselves to see whether or not we are detached. On the contrary. We should remember the prayer of that General, to whom religion was a reality, when about to go into battle:—"Lord, in a few moments I am going to be very busy. Please, if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." It was not likely that he either forgot, or was forgotten, nor shall we be, if the right motive is there. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Mr. Judge tells us in his notes on the *Gîta* that "the performing of actions properly

is in reality the most difficult of tasks." In chapter after chapter the *Gîta* returns to the subject, much stress being laid on their right performance leading to true renunciation, which in its turn is to lead the doer to the renunciation of their fruits—the Goal. In Chapter V there is much instruction and we are led to the consideration of "the inner feeling that accompanies the act". Again we turn to Mr. Judge finding him teaching in the *Letters*, "the only royal road, the one vehicle". "Do all those acts physical, mental, moral, for the reason that they must be done, instantly resigning all interest in them, offering them up upon the altar. The great spiritual altar, in the heart"; and he adds a word of warning: "still use earthly discrimination, prudence, and wisdom". To be true renouncers, is difficult. We can try. Maybe we shall find that the hidden secret to the right performance of action lies in this verse:—"He who seeth me in all things and all things in me looseneth not his hold on me and I forsake him not." When we have reached this place, and can feel there is no separation between us and Him, then, shall we not understand the reason and use of "detachment"? R.P.

ANSWER.—The question suggests that the opposite of detachment is concentration, rather than attachment. Concentration is necessary to do anything well, but it can be exercised with attachment as well as with detachment. Most of us, unfortunately, concentrate with attachment, by becoming immersed in what we do, and by allowing our interest in it to dominate us, instead of dominating it with detachment from all thought of personal gratification or advantage. In the case of the ordinary individual, not in the least interested in Theosophy or discipleship, a little reflection will show that if a person is not detached, at least in some measure, in the performance of each task, he will carry forward from one task, supposedly completed, to the next one, some residuum of interest in the previous task, which implies that some of his powers are left enmeshed in it. This may be due to a realization of something incomplete or faulty in the performance of a previous duty; or it may arise from some lingering longing for personal gratification or reward. The performance of our next task invariably will suffer if we allow ourselves to be attached in the performance of a previous one. Therefore, even from the standpoint of the ordinary man, detachment is essential to the performance of each task in our daily life; to the would-be disciple, it is imperatively necessary for progress. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—There seems to be confusion here between the meaning of detachment, and the application necessary for the proper performance of our daily tasks. As used in our devotional books, the former means detachment from self, and does not refer to some vague or ethereal way of approaching and performing practical daily tasks. Only as we become detached in the real sense, eliminating self in favour of the Self as operator, can we properly apprehend and attend to our daily tasks. Not until then can we apply to them the impartial, the impersonal, and, yet, the concentrated attention necessary. The problem is that of right self-identification. He who is recollected can concentrate on a duty without becoming falsely attached to it. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—The detachment that is stressed by devotional books is detachment from *self* in all its forms, self-will, self-interest, self-glorification, self-opinionatedness, and so on. The presence of any one of these, warps to that extent one's perception of the right thing to do and the right way to do it. This is especially noticeable where co-operation with others is involved. In the exact measure in which those concerned let self get into their efforts, there will be needless opposition, irritation and ineffectiveness. On the other hand, detachment does not mean that we should try to do our work with the tips of our fingers, so to speak, and with a minimum of thought and intelligent planning. Quite the contrary. The ideal is to put all of ourselves into all that we do, using foresight, imagination, experience and all of our powers, with heart and mind and will set to do it to the best of our ability. It is in motive that we should be detached. "Work as those work who are ambitious", but do the work because it ought to be done, instantly resigning all personal interest therein. "Thy right is to the work, but never to its fruits; . . . for pitiful are those whose motive is the fruit of their works."

J.F.B.M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64, Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 28, 1934, beginning at 10: 30 a.m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T.S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T.S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work, and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T.S. by April 1.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a.m. and 2: 30 p.m.

6. On Sunday, April 29, at 4: 30 p.m., tea will be served at 64, Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 28, 1934.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64, Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 7 and 21.

Meetings after Convention to be announced later.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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